

THE



MISSIONARY TRIUMPH

Songs Suitable

FOR ALL

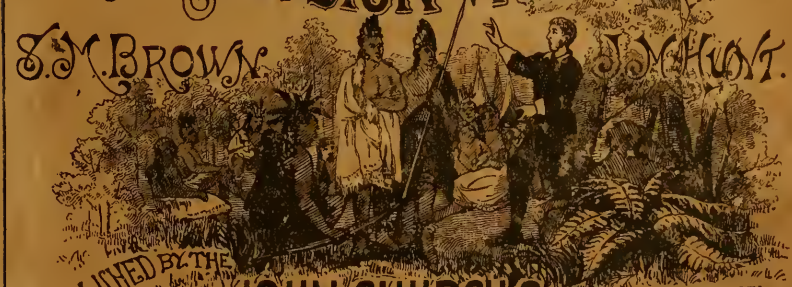
MISSION WORK

AND

BY

S. M. BROWN

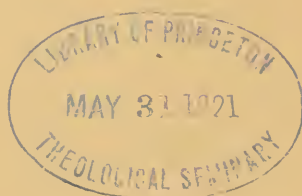
J. M. HUNT



PUBLISHED BY THE

JOHN CHURCH & CO CINCINNATI.

Price, 35 cents.



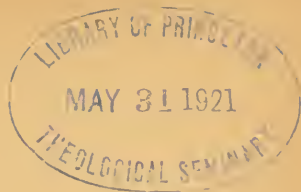
Division

SCC

Section

5301

THE



Missionary*Triumph:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

Songs suitable for all kinds of
Missionary Services.

— BY —

✓
C. S. M. BROWN and J. M. HUNT. ✓

CINCINNATI:

Published by The JOHN CHURCH CO., 74 W. Fourth St.

CHICAGO:

ROOT & SONS MUSIC CO.
200 WABASH AVENUE.

NEW YORK:

THE J. CHURCH CO.,
19 EAST 16TH ST.

PREFACE.

In all the range of song books published in this country, there is not one on the great and absorbing subject of MISSIONS. We therefore offer the following pages without apology, praying for the speedy TRIUMPH of the cause of Jesus among all kindred and tongues.

We hereby express our thanks to the many authors who have so liberally contributed to these pages.

S. M. BROWN.

J. M. HUNT.

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THE MISSIONARY TRIUMPH.

No. 1. The Missionary Triumph.

"Awake, awake! put on thy strength, O Zion."—ISA. 52: 1.

REV. DWIGHT SPENCER.

S. M. BROWN.

1. A - wake! a - wake! put on thy strength, Church of the liv - ing God;
2. They plead! "send help!" Our country's sons, From snow-clad mount to sea;
3. They come! they come! The ransomed ones, Where'er on earth their homes;

Shine forth! shine forth! thy light is come, Its beams dif-fuse a - broad;
"Send forth! send forth! the Bread of Life;" O hear your brother's plea;
Lift up! lift up! thine eyes and see, At last *thy tri-umph comes.*

To na-tions that in darkness wait, Send forth thy heralds bold;
And A - sia's mil-lions join the cry, With Af-ric's starving throng,
O glor-ious hour! the voice from heaven Proclaims from shore to shore.

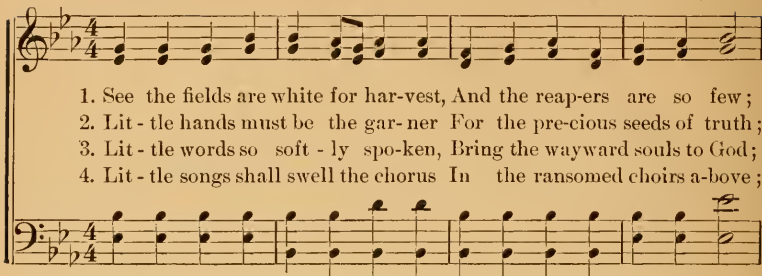
Till round the earth from pole to pole, The ti - dings glad are told.
While distant is - lands of the sea, The plaintive cry pro-long.
The kingdoms of this world are Christ's, He reigns for ev - er - more.

No. 2. Little Gleaner's Band.

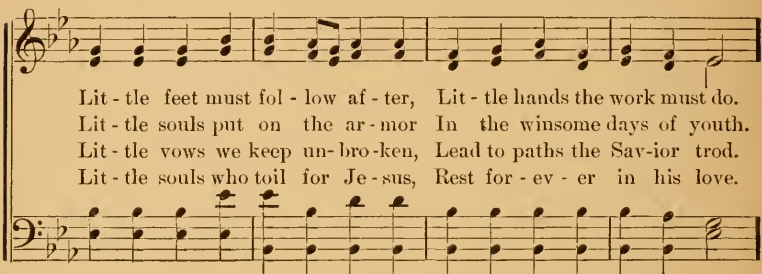
"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

LAURA C. NURSE.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

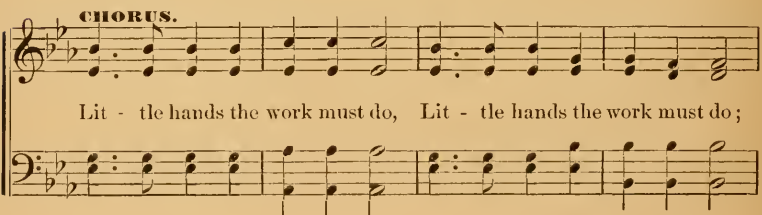


1. See the fields are white for har-vest, And the reap-ers are so few ;
 2. Lit - tle hands must be the gar-ner For the pre-cious seeds of truth ;
 3. Lit - tle words so soft - ly spo-ken, Bring the wayward souls to God ;
 4. Lit - tle songs shall swell the chorus In the ransomed choirs a-bove ;

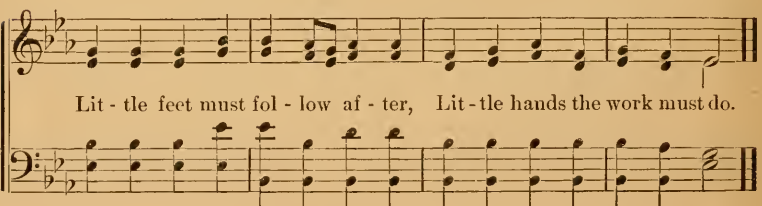


Lit - tle feet must fol - low af - ter, Lit - tle hands the work must do.
 Lit - tle souls put on the ar - mor In the winsome days of youth.
 Lit - tle vows we keep un-bro-ken, Lead to paths the Sav-ior trod.
 Lit - tle souls who toil for Je - sus, Rest for - ev - er in his love.

CHORUS.



Lit - tle hands the work must do, Lit - tle hands the work must do ;



Lit - tle feet must fol - low af - ter, Lit - tle hands the work must do.

No. 3. Toiling in the Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Up in the morning and away to the field, Toiling in the vineyard ground;
2. Nev-er grow weary in the work of the Lord, Toiling in the vineyard ground;
3. Faithfully toiling till the Master shall come, Toiling in the vineyard ground;

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Few are the workers, but how great is the yield, Toiling in the vineyard ground.
Win-ning of souls for Jesus brings great reward, Toiling in the vineyard ground.
Soon we may hear the welcome call, Harvest Home, Toiling in the vineyard ground.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical structure and time signature.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing, toil - ing, Toiling in the vineyard of the Lord.
Toil-ing, toil - ing, toil-ing, toil - ing,

The chorus is marked with a bold 'CHORUS.' and features a more rhythmic melody in the treble staff, with the bass staff continuing the accompaniment.

Toil - ing, toil - ing, Toiling for the great re-ward.
Toil-ing, toil - ing, toil-ing, toil - ing,

The final system concludes the piece with a similar melodic and harmonic structure to the previous systems.

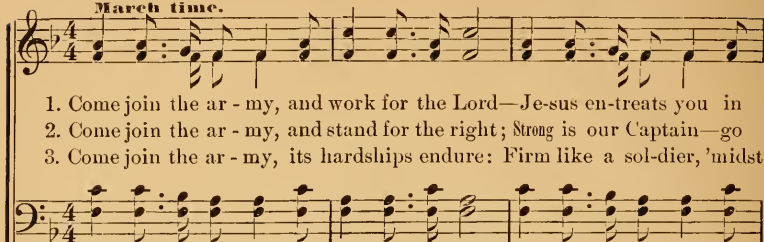
No. 4. Come, Join the Army.

"Come thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. 2: 10.

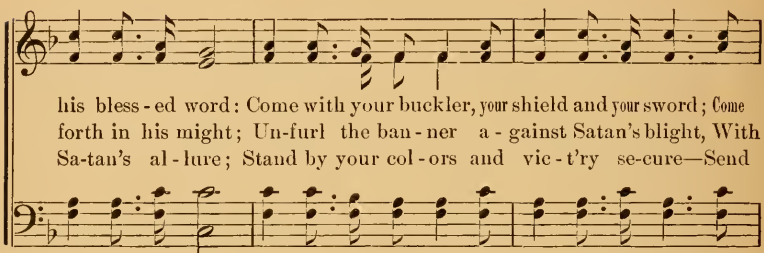
J. M. HUNT.

S. M. BROWN, by per.

March time.

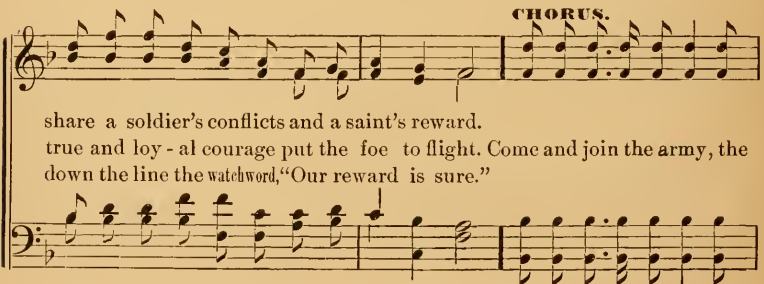


1. Come join the ar - my, and work for the Lord—Je-sus en-treats you in
2. Come join the ar - my, and stand for the right; Strong is our Captain—go
3. Come join the ar - my, its hardships endure: Firm like a sol-dier, 'midst

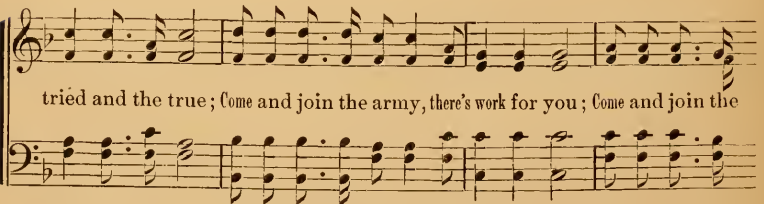


his bless - ed word: Come with your buckler, your shield and your sword; Come forth in his might; Un-furl the ban - ner a - gainst Satan's blight, With Sa-tan's al-lure; Stand by your col-ors and vic-t'ry se-cure—Send

CHORUS.



share a soldier's conflicts and a saint's reward.
true and loy - al courage put the foe to flight. Come and join the army, the down the line the watchword, "Our reward is sure."



tried and the true; Come and join the army, there's work for you; Come and join the

Come, Join the Army. Concluded.

army, we're battling for the Lord; Come share a soldier's conflicts and a saint's reward.

No. 5. Trust On.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Trust on! trust on, be-liever! Tho' long the conflict be, Thou yet shalt prove vic-
2. Trust on! trust on, tho' failings May bow thee to the dust, But in thy deepest
3. Trust on! the danger presses, Temptation strong is near, Yet o'er life's dangerous
4. O, Christ is strong to save us, He is a faithful Friend, Trust on! trust on! be-

CHORUS.

Trust on! trust on!

torious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
 sorrow, O give not up thy trust. Trust on! trust on! Tho'
 rap-ids, He will thy pass-age steer.
 liev-er, O trust him to the end.

Trust on, trust on!

dark the night and drear, Trust on, trust on! The morn-ing dawn is near.

No. 6.

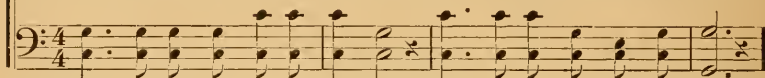
Shout the Tidings.

S. M. BROWN.

J. M. HUNT, by per.



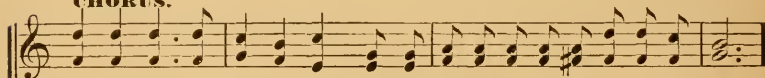
1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Send the gospel's joy - ous sound,
2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, To the thousands near your home,
3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion,—See the nations press your shore—
4. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Till the nations own their King;



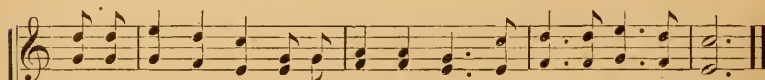
Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion, Spread to earth's re-mot-est bound.
 Till your own be - lov - ed na - tion, To the feet of Je - sus come.
 Sound the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion, To the heathen at your door.
 Till in joy - ous ex - ul - ta - tion, Ev - 'ry vale and mount shall sing.



CHORUS.



Send the news, the glad, good news, From the rising to the setting of the sun,



Till the nations come and be - fore the throne, The great Redeemer own.

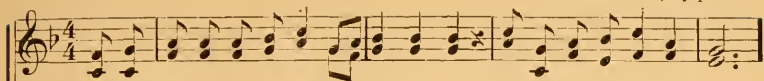


No. 7. Rally to the Master's Call.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

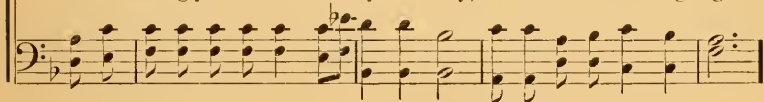
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. In the vineyard of the Lord go work to-day, Rally to the Master's call ;
2. To the vineyard then away, ere morning sun Rises in the heavens high ;
3. Youthful workers, then, go forth to work for God In the fields already white ;



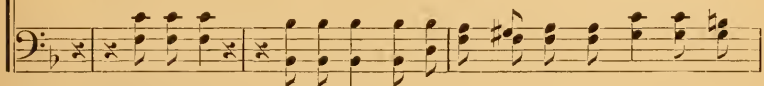
While the laborers are few, the fields are white; Hasten, there is work for all.
Give the early hours to God, for great reward Shall be given by and by.
He is calling you to work while yet 'tis day, Hasten ere the coming night.



REFRAIN.



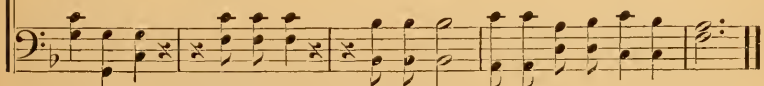
Work for all, work for all, In the vineyard of the Lord there is



Work for all, work for all,



work for all ; Work for all, work for all, Rally to the Master's call.



Work for all, work for all,

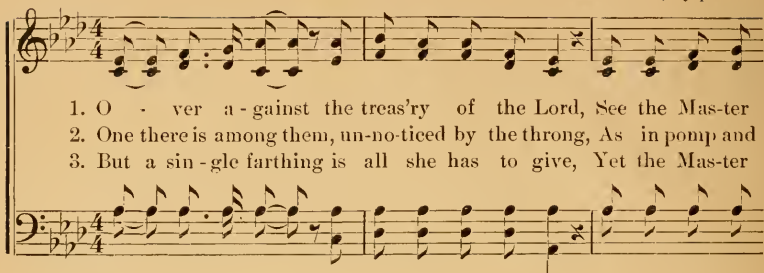
No. 8.

The Widow's Mite.

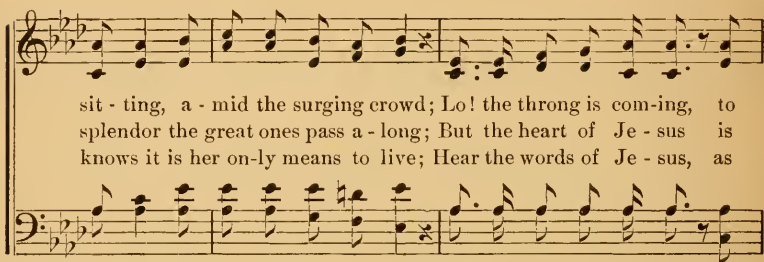
S. M. BROWN.

MARK 12: 42.

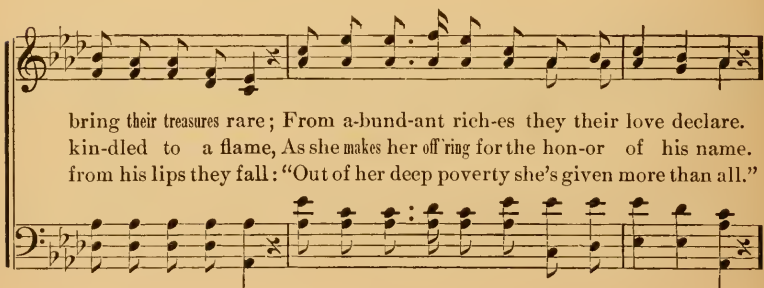
S. M. BROWN, by per.



1. O - ver a - gainst the treas'ry of the Lord, See the Mas-ter
 2. One there is among them, un-no-ticed by the throng, As in pomp and
 3. But a sin-gle farthing is all she has to give, Yet the Mas-ter

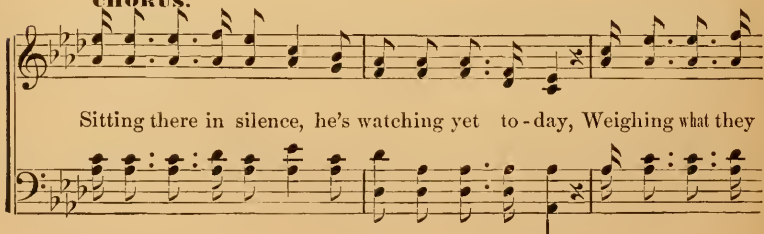


sit - ting, a - mid the surging crowd; Lo! the throng is com-ing, to
 splendor the great ones pass a - long; But the heart of Je - sus is
 knows it is her on-ly means to live; Hear the words of Je - sus, as



bring their treasures rare; From a-bund-ant rich-es they their love declare.
 kin-dled to a flame, As she makes her off-ring for the hon-or of his name.
 from his lips they fall: "Out of her deep poverty she's given more than all."

CHORUS.



Sitting there in silence, he's watching yet to-day, Weighing what they

The Widow's Mite. Concluded.

of - fer as they come and go a - way; Shall it be, to Je - sus, the

widow's blessed mite, Small, but yet a sac - ri - fice and precious in his sight.

No. 9. Harwell.

THOMAS KELLY, 1836.

L. MAS N.
Fine.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove; }
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love; }
 2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth; }
 { Lord of life, thy smile en - lightens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth; }

D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

See, he sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine, an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Chosen to behold thy face.

4 Savior, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

No. 10.

In the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

JOHN BOWRING.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gathers 'round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, In the cross of Christ I glo - ry;

In the cross, in the cross,

In the cross, in the cross, In the cross of Christ, my Lord.

In the cross, In the cross,

No. 11.

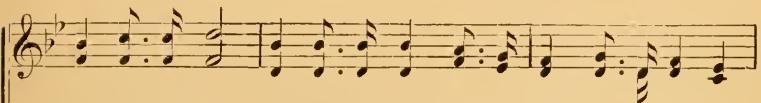
Cling to the Bible.

M. J. SMITH.

J. R. MURRAY, by per.



1. Cling to the Bi-ble, tho' all else be tak - en; Lose not its prom-is-es
2. Cling to the Bi-ble, this jew - el, this treasure Brings to us hon-or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by ways have wandered, Guide for the youth that would



precious and sure; Souls that are sleep-ing its ech - oes a-wak - en,
 saves fall-en man; Pearl whose great value no mor - tal can measure,
 oth - er - wise fall; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squand-ered,

**CHORUS.**

Drink from the foun-tain, so peaceful, so pure.
 Seek and se - cure it, O soul, while you can. Cling to the Bi - ble!
 Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.



Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and our Guide.

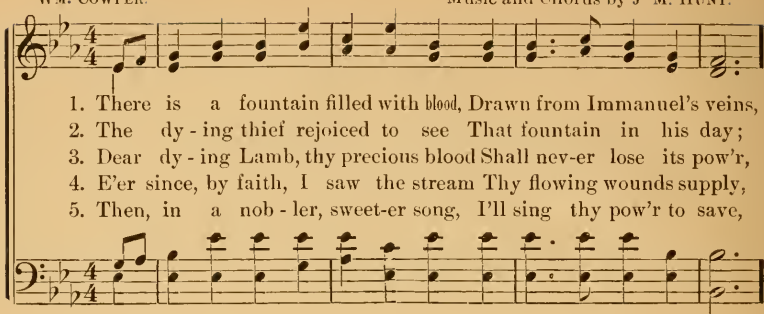


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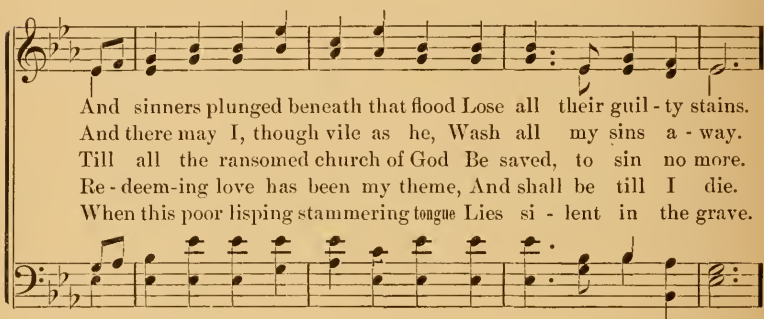
Precious Fountain.

WM. COWPER.

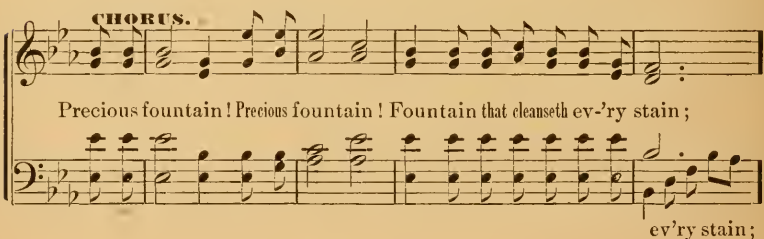
Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.



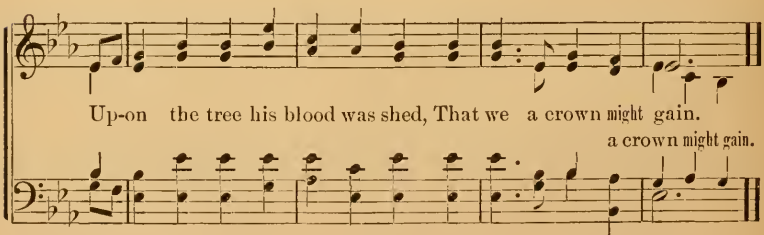
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
 5. Then, in a nob-ler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,



And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil-ty stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor lisping stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.



CHORUS.
 Precious fountain! Precious fountain! Fountain that cleanseth ev'-ry stain;
 ev'-ry stain;



Up-on the tree his blood was shed, That we a crown might gain.
 a crown might gain.

No. 13.

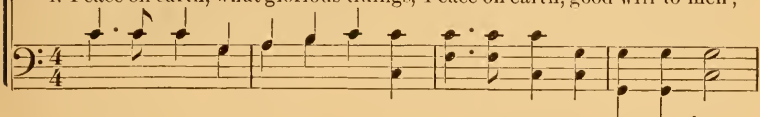
Peace on Earth.

J. M. HUNT.

S. M. BROWN, by per.



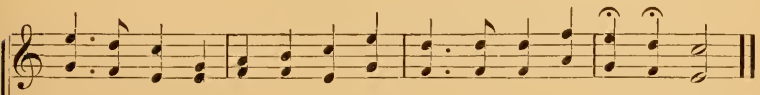
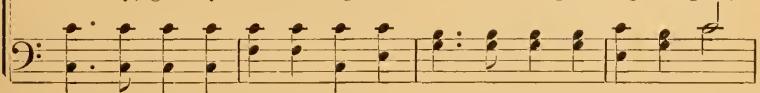
1. Hear the an-gels glad - ly singing, Christ the Sav-ior now is born ;
2. Loud proclaim the wond'rous message, Of a Sav-ior's low - ly birth ;
3. Lift your heads ye faint and wea - ry, See your Lord, Immanuel, King,
4. Peace on earth, what glorious tidings, Peace on earth, good will to men ;



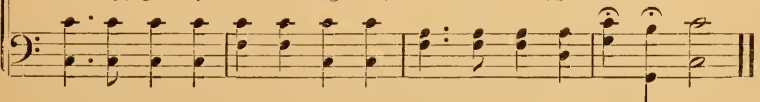
Shout the ti-dings, till all na-tions Heed with joy this na-tal morn.
 How he rest-ed in the man-ger, He, the Son of God on earth.
 Lend your voi-ces to the cho-rus, Let the shout tri-umphant ring.
 Let us haste to crown Im-man-uel With a roy-al di-a-dem.

**CHORUS.**

Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high-est, Hear the an-gels sing a - gain,



Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high-est, Peace on earth, good will to men.



From "Gospel Alarm."

No. 14.

Go Forth to the Field.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

J. R. MURRAY, by per.

1. Go forth to the field of the harvest, The Master is calling for thee ;
 2. Go forth with a smile for the weary, Go forth with a word for the sad ;
 3. Go forth with a heart true and tender, And scatter the sunshine to all ;
 4. Go forth to the field of the harvest, Go forth to the vineyard to-day ;

The fields are all white for the reaping, And golden the harvest will be.
 A sweet song of hope for the mourner, An anthem of peace for the glad.
 The Lord will speak peace in the valley, When shadows around thee shall fall.
 For night comes apace in the val-ley, And harvest-time passeth away.

CHORUS.

Go forth, . . . go forth, . . .

Go forth, yes, go forth ; go forth, yes, go forth, Go forth to the

vineyard to - day, The fields are all white for the

the vine-ward to - day,

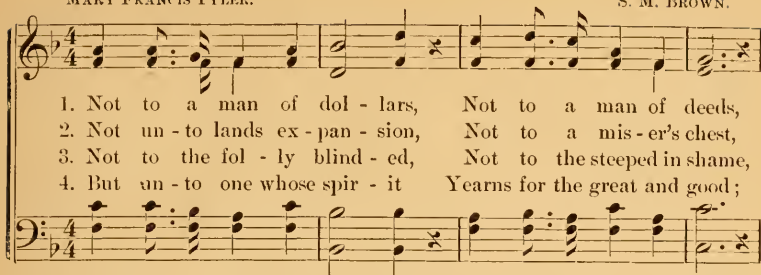
har - vest, Go forth to the vine-ward to - day. . . .

the vineyard to - day.

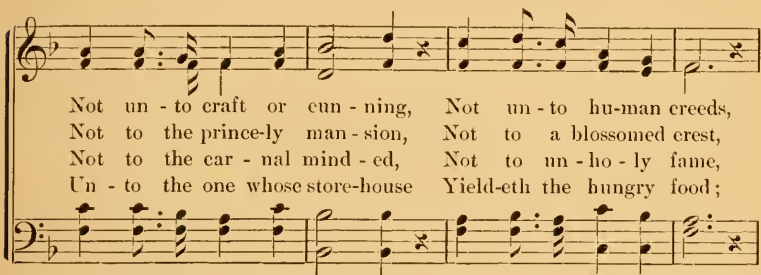
No. 15. Cometh A Blessing Down.

MARY FRANCIS TYLER.

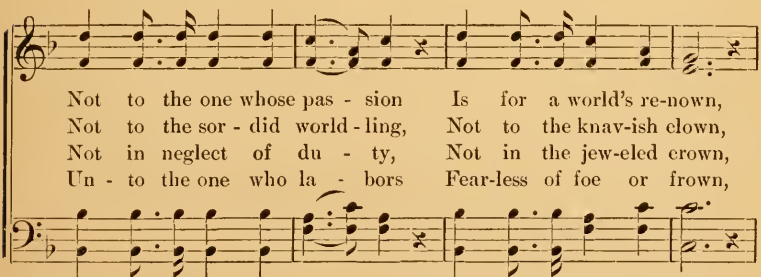
S. M. BROWN.



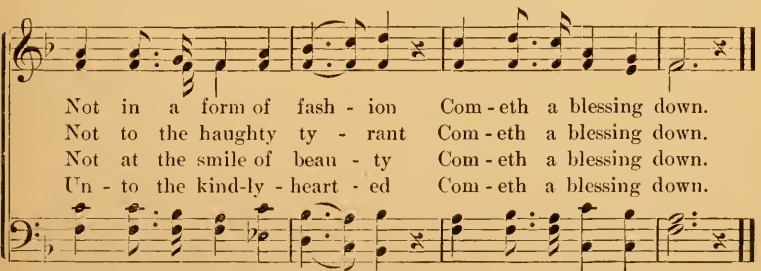
1. Not to a man of dol - lars, Not to a man of deeds,
 2. Not un - to lands ex - pan - sion, Not to a mis - er's chest,
 3. Not to the fol - ly blind - ed, Not to the steeped in shame,
 4. But un - to one whose spir - it Yearns for the great and good;



Not un - to craft or cun - ning, Not un - to hu - man creeds,
 Not to the prince - ly man - sion, Not to a blossomed crest,
 Not to the car - nal mind - ed, Not to un - ho - ly fame,
 Un - to the one whose store - house Yield - eth the hungry food;



Not to the one whose pas - sion Is for a world's re - nown,
 Not to the sor - did world - ling, Not to the knav - ish clown,
 Not in neglect of du - ty, Not in the jew - eled crown,
 Un - to the one who la - bors Fear - less of foe or frown,



Not in a form of fash - ion Com - eth a blessing down.
 Not to the haughty ty - rant Com - eth a blessing down.
 Not at the smile of beau - ty Com - eth a blessing down.
 Un - to the kind - ly - heart - ed Com - eth a blessing down.

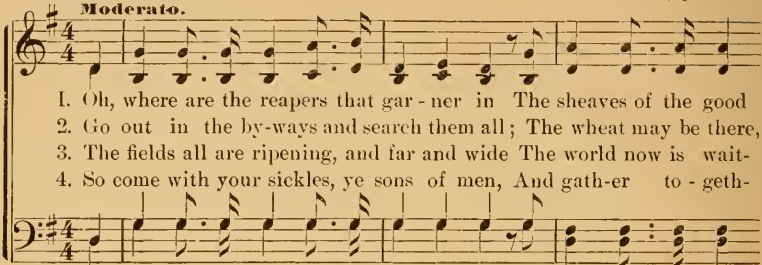
No. 16. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

"I will say to the reapers: Gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. 13: 30.

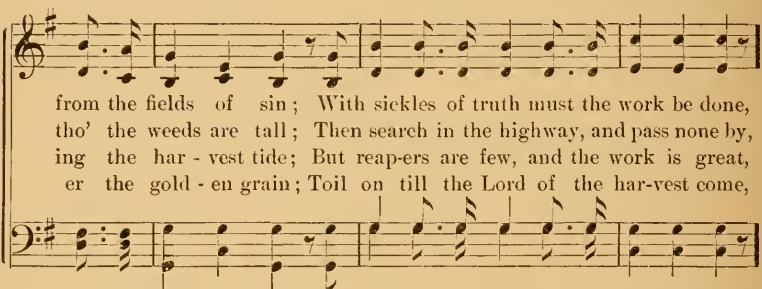
EBEN E. REXFORD.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Moderato.

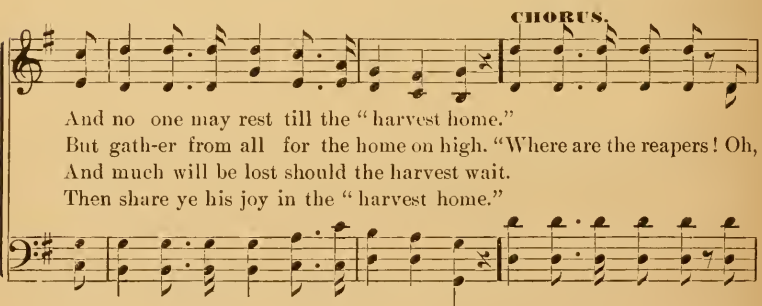


1. Oh, where are the reapers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good
 2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
 3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-
 4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to - geth-

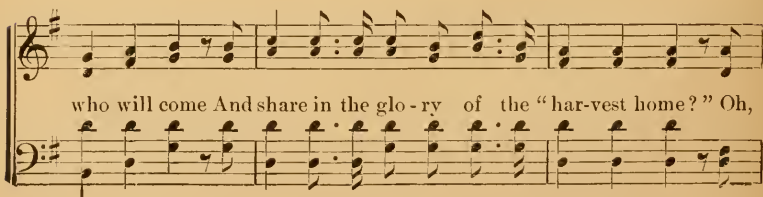


from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
 tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
 ing the har - vest tide; But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,
 er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

CHORUS.



And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
 But gath-er from all for the home on high. "Where are the reapers! Oh,
 And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
 Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."



who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har-vest home?" Oh,

Oh, Where are the Reapers. Concluded.

who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

No. 17.

Who will Reply?

"White already to harvest."—JOHN 4: 35.

P. P. BLISS.

JAS. McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. The fields are white, 'tis har-vest time, The la - bor - ers are few;
2. Faint heart, no long - er i - dly stand, Nor yet an hour de - lay;

The Lord un - to his serv-ice calls The will - ing and the true.
The gath'ring clouds a storm foretell; A-rise, go, work to - day.

CHORUS.

Hear ye the call, . . . who will re - ply? . . . Send me, O
earn-est call, oh, who'll re-ly?

Master, here am I.
here am I.

3 Wait not for other hands to do
The service of the Lord;
"To every man his work" is given,
And each receives reward.

4 What wondrous grace, O Lord, is thine,
Such servants to employ,
To make us partners in thy toil,
And sharers in thy joy!

CHO.—I hear the call, I now reply,
Send me, O Master, here am I.

No. 18.

Look unto the Fields.

T. P. W.

JOHN 4: 35.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.

1. Go ye out to the fields for the harvest is ready, Go help the Master
 2. The dew and the sunlight have fallen from heaven, God in his mercy
 3. Angels watch from above while the daylight is dying, Loudly they call, for

gath-er the grain; Arouse from thy slumber, the day is de-clin-ing,
 giv-eth the rain; Sweet breath of the morn and the shadows of e-ven,
 reapers are few; With sickle in hand and with feet swiftly fly-ing,

CHORUS.
 Night com-eth soon, when hope will be vain.
 All, all have helped to rip - en the grain. Look un-to the fields, yes,
 Has - ten, my broth-er, God needeth you.

Look un - to the fields, For they are white, all read - y to har-vest;

Look unto the fields, yes, Look unto the fields, for they are ready to harvest.

No. 19. Work for Your Master.

"Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—ECCLES. 9: 10.

P. P. BLISS (Refrain by PAULINA.)

JAMES McGRATHAN, by per.

1. Work for your Master, work while you may, Broad is the field before you—
 2. Speak for your Master, speak while you may, Now, while the world will hear you;
 3. Sing for your Mas - ter, sing of his love, Sing of his mercies giv - en;

Sweet is the dawn of life's ear - ly day, Beaming in beauty o'er you.
 It shall be giv-en what you shall say, Feeling his presence near you.
 Song is the language of saints above, Song is the breath of heav-en.

REFRAIN.

Work till the toil of the day is done; Speak of the sin for - giv - en;

Sing of the star-ry crown to be won; Pray till you praise in heaven.

No. 20. Now is the Harvest Time.

Rev. J. O. FOSTER, A. M.

G. F. ROOT, by per.

March movement.

1. Lift up your eyes on the fields all white, Wav-ing so full in the
2. Hear how the Mas-ter is call-ing you, Th'harvest is great, but the

gos - pel light, Gold-en the grain in the sun-shine bright, The
la - b'rors few, Reap-ers are want-ed, faith-ful ones, true, For

great har-vest time has come. Fields where the seed has been scattered long,
now is the har-vest time. Wag-es of life for the strong and brave,

Fields where the tall stalks are growing strong, Fields where the reapers now
Wheat for the gar-ner of life to save, Res-cu-ing men from a

3 Others have sown where you may now reap,
Tho' they have gone to their long, long sleep,
Jesus his promises all will keep,
Behold now the harvest time.
Now is the joy of the fallen race,
Now is the fulness of gospel grace,
Now does the Master reveal his face,
Now is the harvest time.

No. 21.

The Harvest Time.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD.

W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near;
 2. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The la - bor - ers are few;
 3. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The Mas-ter soon will come

The summons of the Mas-ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear;
 The gath'ring of the harvest must By grace de - pend on you.
 And car - ry with re - joic-ing heart His gathered troph-ies home.

Go forth in - to the gold-en grain, And bind the pre-cious sheaves,
 Go forth throughout the bus-y world, The world of want and sin,
 And can you stand with empty arms, While gladly he re - ceives

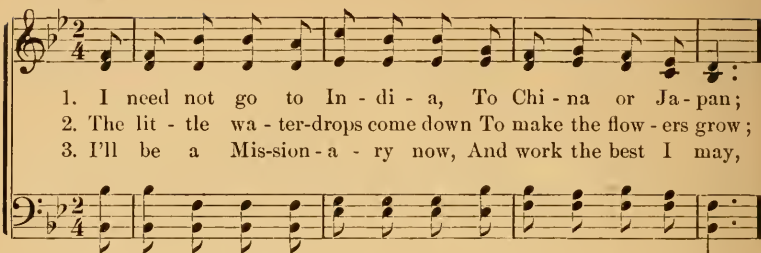
And gar - ner for the Lord of hosts The har-vest which he gives.
 And gar - ner for the Lord of hosts Its dy - ing mil-lions in.
 From oth - ers in the harvest-field A load of pre-cious sheaves.

No. 22.

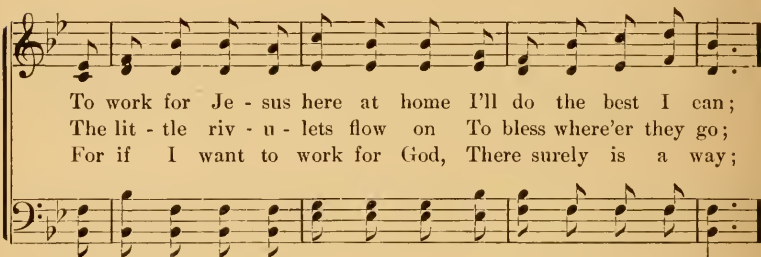
The Little Missionary.

J. R. M.

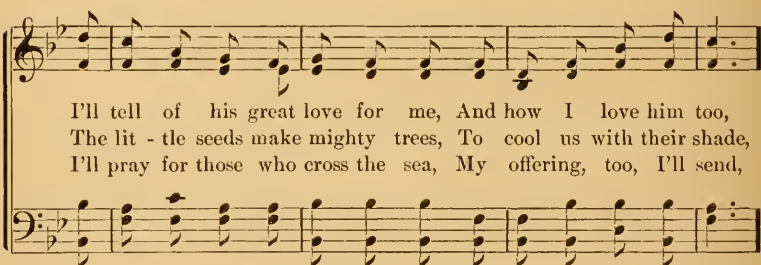
J. R. MURRAY, by per.



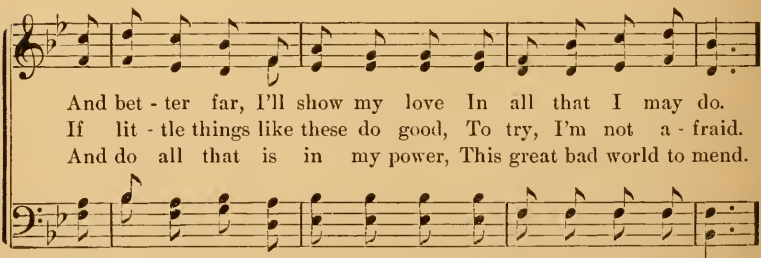
1. I need not go to In - di - a, To Chi - na or Ja - pan;
 2. The lit - tle wa - ter-drops come down To make the flow - ers grow;
 3. I'll be a Mis-sion-a - ry now, And work the best I may,



To work for Je - sus here at home I'll do the best I can;
 The lit - tle riv - u - lets flow on To bless where'er they go;
 For if I want to work for God, There surely is a way;



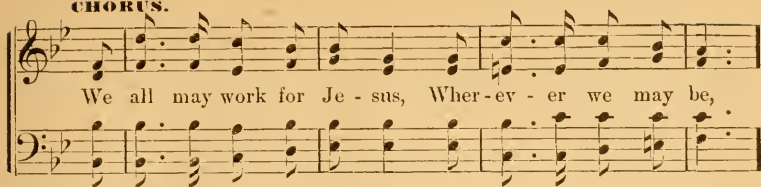
I'll tell of his great love for me, And how I love him too,
 The lit - tle seeds make mighty trees, To cool us with their shade,
 I'll pray for those who cross the sea, My offering, too, I'll send,



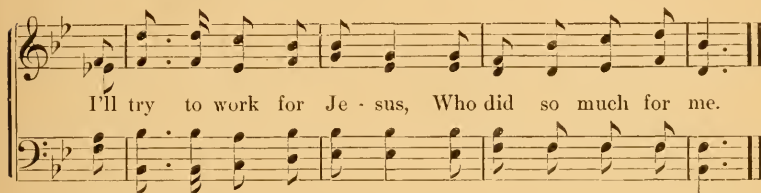
And bet - ter far, I'll show my love In all that I may do.
 If lit - tle things like these do good, To try, I'm not a - fraid.
 And do all that is in my power, This great bad world to mend.

The Little Missionary. Concluded.

CHORUS.



We all may work for Je - sus, Wher - ev - er we may be,



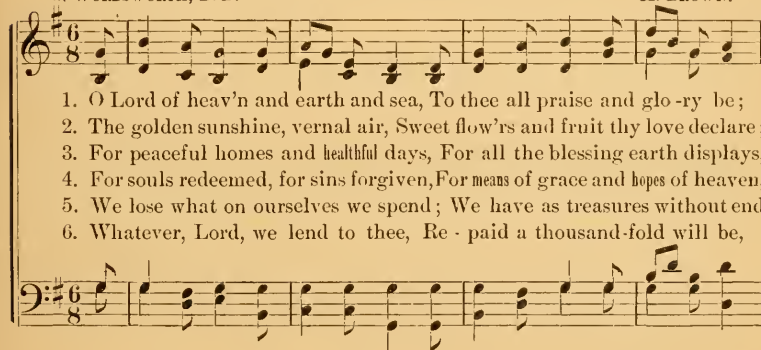
I'll try to work for Je - sus, Who did so much for me.

No. 23. What Shall we Give to God?

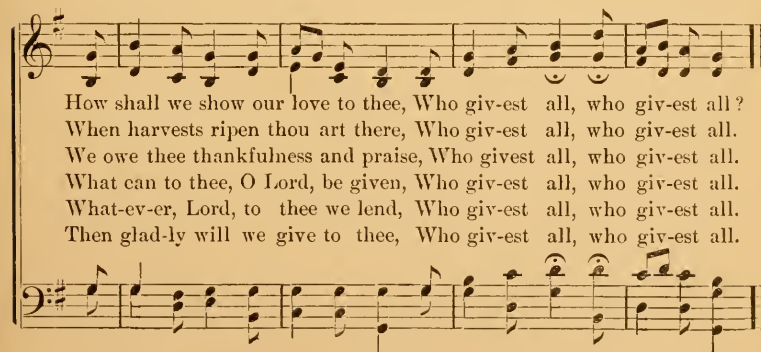
"Who gave himself for our sins."—GAL. 1: 4.

C. WORDSWORTH, D. D.

M. BROWN.



1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To thee all praise and glo-ry be;
 2. The golden sunshine, vernal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruit thy love declare;
 3. For peaceful homes and healthful days, For all the blessing earth displays,
 4. For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven, For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 5. We lose what on ourselves we spend; We have as treasures without end
 6. Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee, Re - paid a thousand-fold will be,



How shall we show our love to thee, Who giv-est all, who giv-est all?
 When harvests ripen thou art there, Who giv-est all, who giv-est all.
 We owe thee thankfulness and praise, Who givest all, who giv-est all.
 What can to thee, O Lord, be given, Who giv-est all, who giv-est all.
 What-ev-er, Lord, to thee we lend, Who giv-est all, who giv-est all.
 Then glad-ly will we give to thee, Who giv-est all, who giv-est all.

No. 24.

Open the Door.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."—LUKE 18: 16.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

Tenderly.

1. O - pen the door for the children, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in;
 2. O - pen the door for the children, See, they are coming in throngs,
 3. O - pen the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand,

In from the highways and hedges, In from the plac-es of sin;
 Bid them sit down at the banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs,
 Point them to truth and to Je-sus, Point them to heaven's bright land.

Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
 Pray you the fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
 Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;

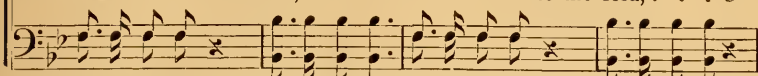
O - pen the door for the children, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
 O - pen the door for the children, Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
 O - pen the door for the children, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

Open the Door. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Gath - er them in, . . . in - - to the fold, . . . O



Gather them in, Gather them in, In-to the fold, in - to the fold ;



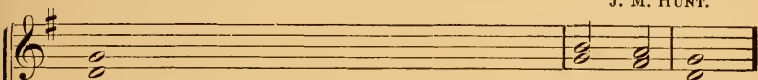
gath er them in, . . . O gather the children in.



Gather them in, gather them in,

No. 25. The Lord's Prayer.

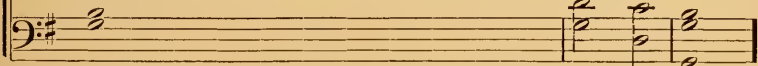
J. M. HUNT.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,

2. Give us this day our . . . dai - ly bread,

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ;



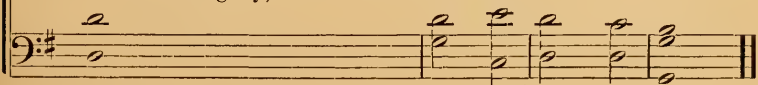
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-

give . . . them that trespass a - gainst us.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power,

and the glory, for - - ever and ever. A - men.



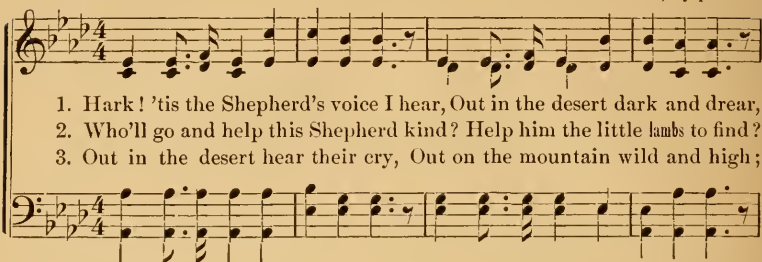
No. 26.

Bring Them In.

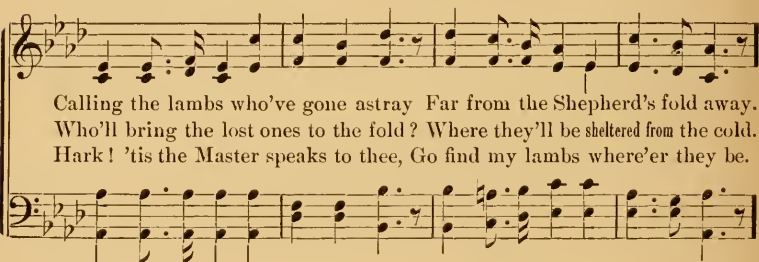
"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them."—REV. 7: 17.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

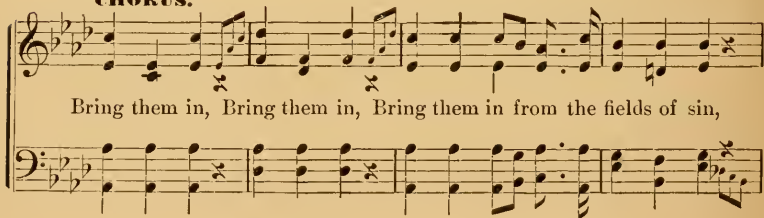


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind? Help him the little lambs to find?
 3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high;

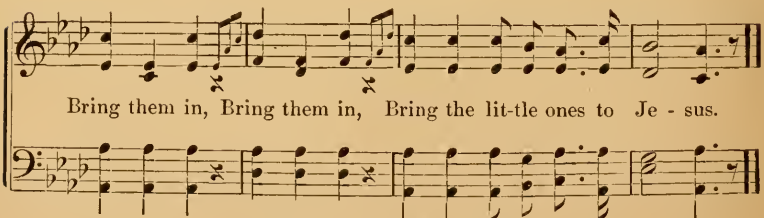


Calling the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold? Where they'll be sheltered from the cold.
 Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, Go find my lambs where'er they be.

CHORUS.



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin,



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

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No. 27.

Ready to Harvest.

"For they are white already to harvest."—JOHN 4: 35.

J. M.

JOHN MCPHERSON, by per.

1. The fields are now white and the lab'ers are few, No time to be
 2. Go out in the highways and by-ways of sin, And tell of the
 3. Oh, la - bor a - long, for the end draweth near When we must cross

wast-ed to - day; So up and be do-ing, there's much we can do,
 One who can cheer; If heav-en and glo - ry and rest they would win,
 o - ver death's sea! And dwell in a home where ne'er dwelleth a fear,

CHORUS.

The reap-ing is not far a - way.
 Seek Je - sus, who ev - er is near. Rea-dy to har-vest, oh
 A - wait-ing for you and for me.

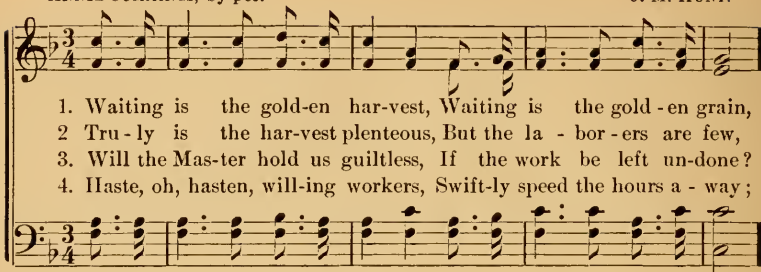
workers a - wake! Do not a mo-ment de - lay; The sword of the

Spir-it each day with you take, The end will be glo - ry for aye.

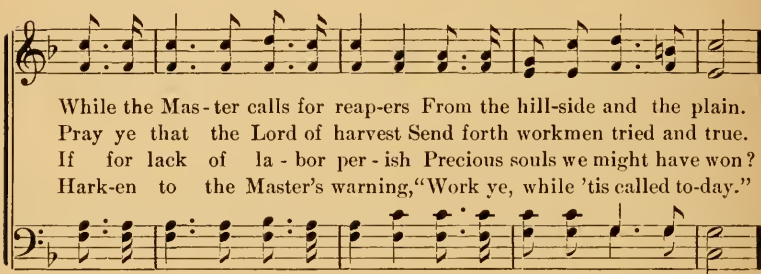
No. 28. Who will Go and Work To-day ?

ANNIE CUMMINGS, by per.

J. M. HUNT.

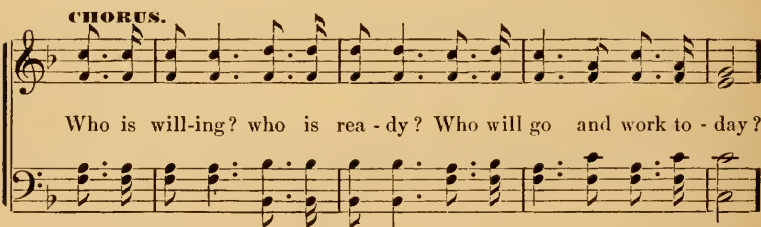


1. Waiting is the gold-en har-vest, Waiting is the gold-en grain,
 2. Tru-ly is the har-vest plenteous, But the la - bor - ers are few,
 3. Will the Mas-ter hold us guiltless, If the work be left un-done?
 4. Haste, oh, hasten, will-ing workers, Swift-ly speed the hours a - way;

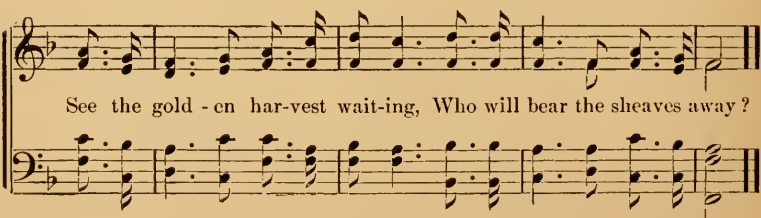


While the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers From the hill-side and the plain.
 Pray ye that the Lord of harvest Send forth workmen tried and true.
 If for lack of la - bor per - ish Precious souls we might have won?
 Hark-en to the Master's warning, "Work ye, while 'tis called to-day."

CHORUS.



Who is will-ing? who is rea - dy? Who will go and work to - day?



See the gold - en har-vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves away ?

No. 29.

Lost Names.

*"Those women which labored with me in the Gospel, and others of my fellow-laborers
whose names are in the book of life."*—PHIL. 4: 3.

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM.

J. M. HUNT.

1. They lived and they were useful ; this we know, And naught be - side :
 2. And were they young, or were they growing old, Or ill, or well,
 3. But what avails the gift of empty fame? . They lived to God,
 4. No glory clusters round their names on earth, But in God's Heaven
 5. O take who will the boon of fading fame, . But give to me

No record of their names is left to show . How soon they died ;
 Or lived in poverty, or had much gold, . No one can tell.
 They loved the sweetness of another name, And glad - ly trod
 Is kept a book of names of greatest worth, And there is given
 A place among the workers, tho' my name For - got - ten be ;

They did their work and then they passed away, An un - known band,
 The only thing is known of them : they were Faith - ful and true
 The rugged ways of earth, that they might be Help - er or friend,
 A place for all who did the Master please, . Al - though un - known,
 And if within the book of life is found . . My low - ly place,

And took their places with the greater host, In the high - er land.
 Disciples of the Lord, and strong thro' prayer To save and do.
 And in the joy of this their ministry . . Be spent and spend.
 And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays Be - fore the throne.
 Honor and glory unto God redound . . For all his grace.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON, by per.

1. We will go in the strength of the Master, In the path he hath made
 2. We will walk in the strength of the Master, In the la - bor he gives
 3. We will trust in the strength of the Master, We will trust his Omnip-

for our feet; We will fol - low the light of his coun - sel, Nor
 us to do; And his smile shall af - ford joy and com - fort, Our
 o - tent arm, And his pow - er shall prove all suf - fi - cient, To

CHORUS.

shrink from the danger we meet. We will go, we will go,
 souls shall their vig - or re - new.
 shield us from danger and harm.

As the Master commands we will go,

And his pre - sence our steps shall at - tend, He will guard,
 He will guard,

He will guide, And sup - port till our journey shall end.
 He will guide,

No. 31.

Up, Brother, Up.

JAMES MABON.

GEO. ROBERT CAIRNS.

1. Wan-der the wea-ry o - ver the land, Waiting the love and the
 2. Long has the Shepherd called to us all, Soft-ly the tones of the
 3. Why will ye lin - ger, why will ye wait? Wide has the Master o -
 4. What when he calls us up to his side, What when he stands by the

guiding hand; Soon will the shadows creep o'er the way, Why will ye lin-
 sweet voice fall, Who will endure the sorrow and pain, Gath'ring the flock
 pened the gate; Who will go in the path he has trod, Say, are ye re-
 crys - tal tide, No gift for him—no gem for his crown, Wake, brother, wake,

CHORUS.

ger, oh, why still de - lay?
 to the fold a - gain? Up, brother, up, ere the day is done,
 dy, ye chil-dren of God?
 for the night clos-es down.

Up, brother, up, there are souls to be won; Won from the sin, and

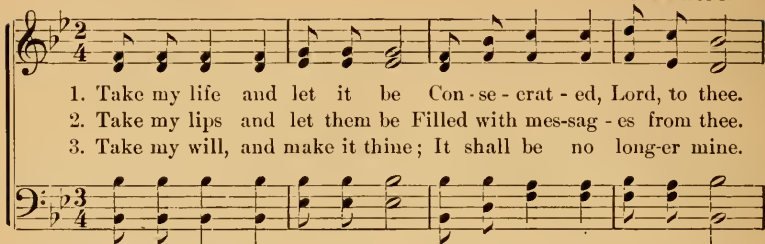
won from the night, Won for the Lord and the king-dom of light.

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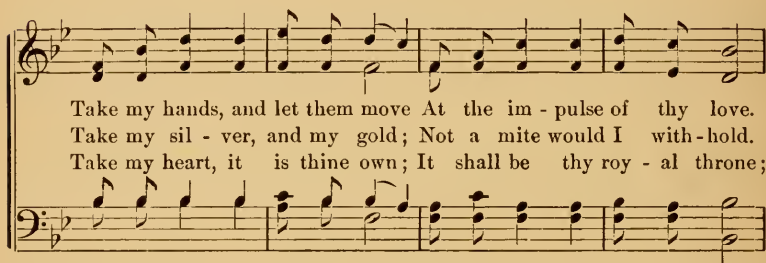
No. 32. Take my Life, and let it be.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

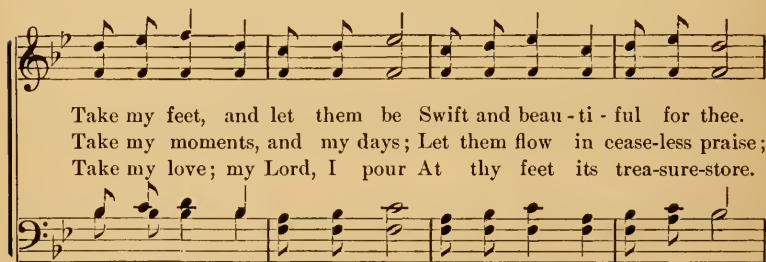
J. M. HUNT.



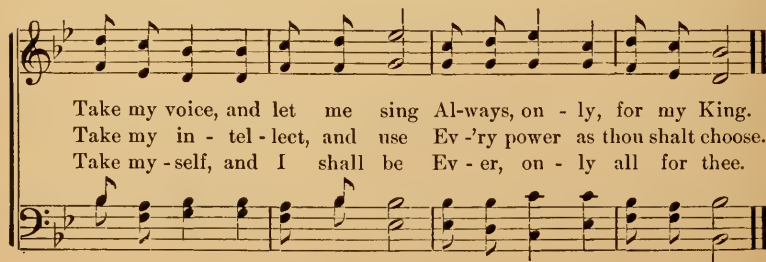
1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to thee.
2. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes-sag-es from thee.
3. Take my will, and make it thine; It shall be no long-er mine.



Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my sil-ver, and my gold; Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my heart, it is thine own; It shall be thy roy-al throne;



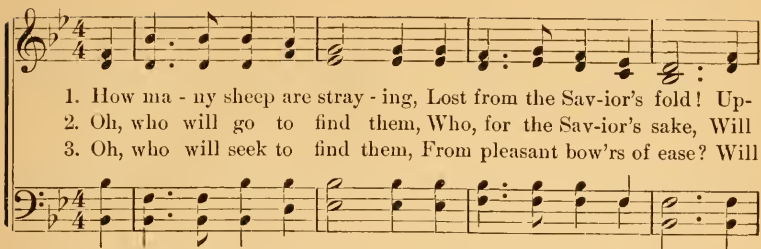
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee.
Take my moments, and my days; Let them flow in cease-less praise;
Take my love; my Lord, I pour At thy feet its trea-sure-store.



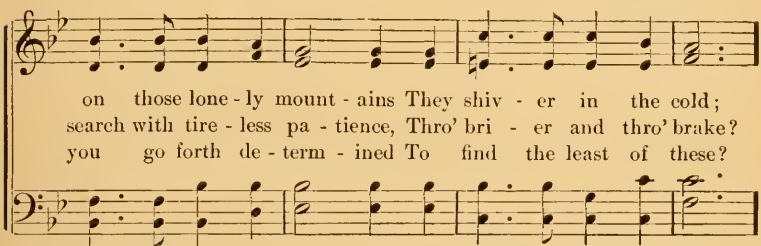
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-'ry power as thou shalt choose.
Take my-self, and I shall be Ev-er, on-ly all for thee.

No. 33. Seeking the Lost Sheep.

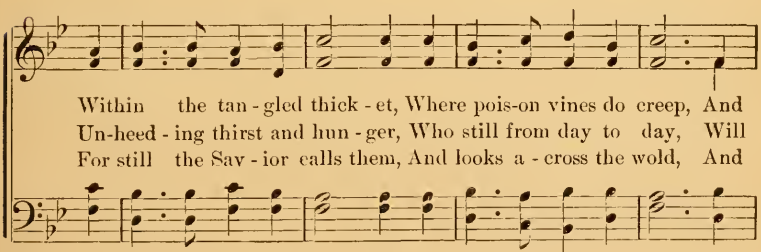
J. M. HUNT, by per.



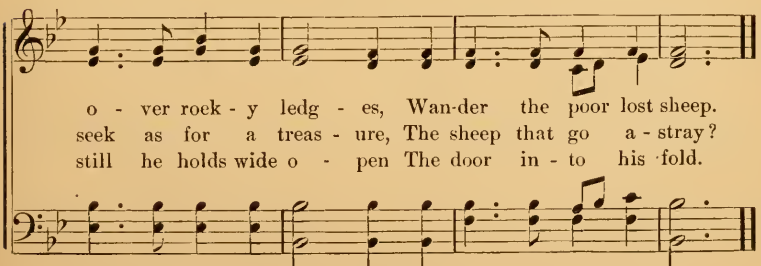
1. How ma - ny sheep are stray - ing, Lost from the Sav-ior's fold! Up-
 2. Oh, who will go to find them, Who, for the Sav-ior's sake, Will
 3. Oh, who will seek to find them, From pleasant bow'rs of ease? Will



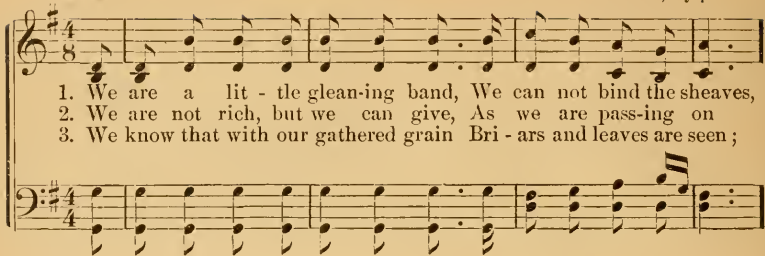
on those lone - ly mount - ains They shiv - er in the cold;
 search with tire - less pa - tience, Thro' bri - er and thro' brake?
 you go forth de - term - ined To find the least of these?



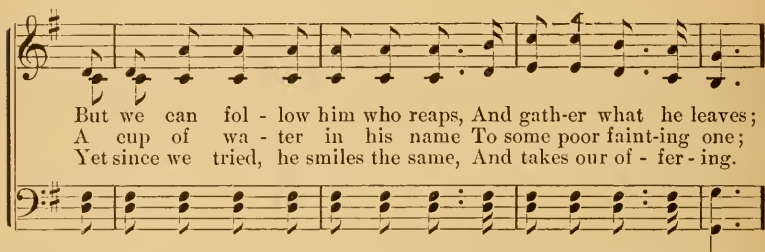
Within the tan - gled thick - et, Where pois-on vines do creep, And
 Un-heed - ing thirst and hun - ger, Who still from day to day, Will
 For still the Sav - ior calls them, And looks a - cross the wold, And



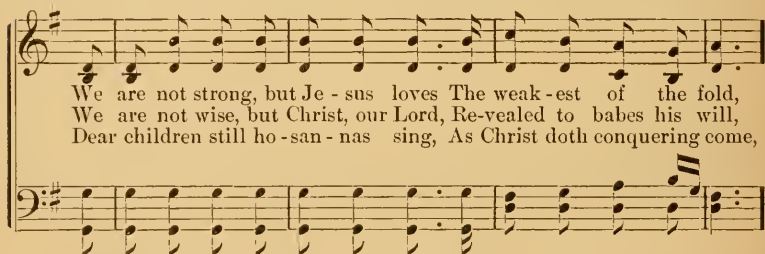
o - ver rock - y ledg - es, Wan-der the poor lost sheep.
 seek as for a treas - ure, The sheep that go a - stray?
 still he holds wide o - pen The door in - to his fold.



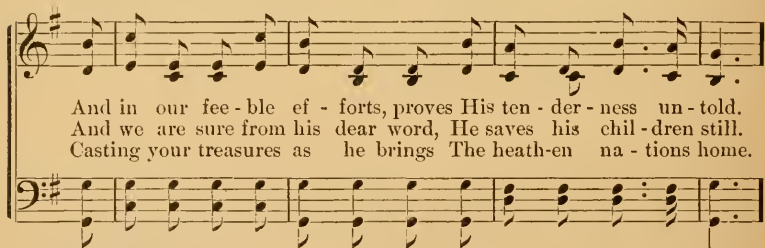
1. We are a lit - tle glean-ing band, We can not bind the sheaves,
 2. We are not rich, but we can give, As we are pass-ing on
 3. We know that with our gathered grain Bri - ars and leaves are seen ;



But we can fol - low him who reaps, And gath-er what he leaves ;
 A cup of wa - ter in his name To some poor faint-ing one ;
 Yet since we tried, he smiles the same, And takes our of - fer - ing.

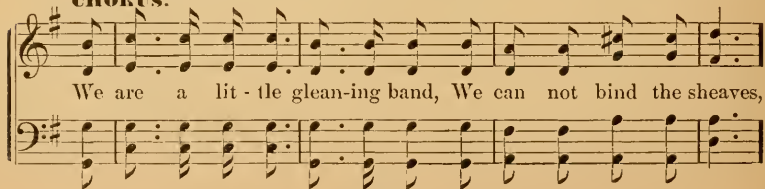


We are not strong, but Je - sus loves The weak - est of the fold,
 We are not wise, but Christ, our Lord, Re-vealed to babes his will,
 Dear children still ho-san-nas sing, As Christ doth conquering come,



And in our fee - ble ef - forts, proves His ten - der - ness un - told.
 And we are sure from his dear word, He saves his chil - dren still.
 Casting your treasures as he brings The heath-en na - tions home.

CHORUS.



We are a lit - tle glean-ing band, We can not bind the sheaves,

Little Gleaners. Concluded.

But we can fol - low him who reaps, And gath - er what he leaves.

No. 35. Go, Wield the Sickle's Blade.

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."—LUKE 10: 2.

S. M. BROWN.

1. Do not say, O Christian reap-er, The earth no har-vest yields;
2. Dreary au-tumn days are com-ing, The sum-mer will be o'er;

Look a-broad, and you'll dis-cov - er The wait - ing har-vest fields.
And a - mong the rip - ened har-vest You'll find your work no more.

Go ye forth with hope and courage, Go, wield the sick - le's blade,
La - bor on in faith, and gath - er The sheaves of gold - en grain;

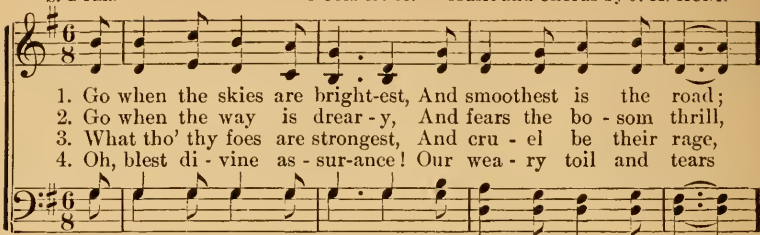
Fear ye none of Sa - tan's reapers, Tho' well they be ar-rayed.
Then with joy you'll greet the Master, When he shall come a - gain.

No. 36. Go in the Strength of Jesus.

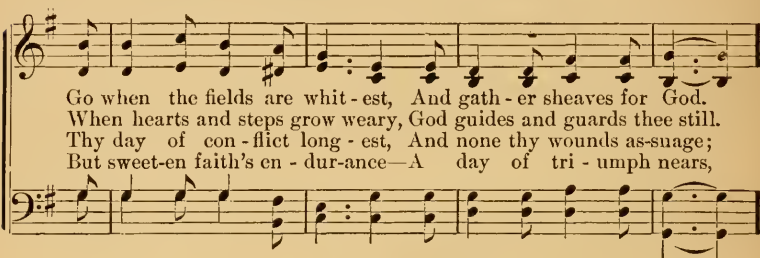
S. DYER.

1 COR. 15: 58.

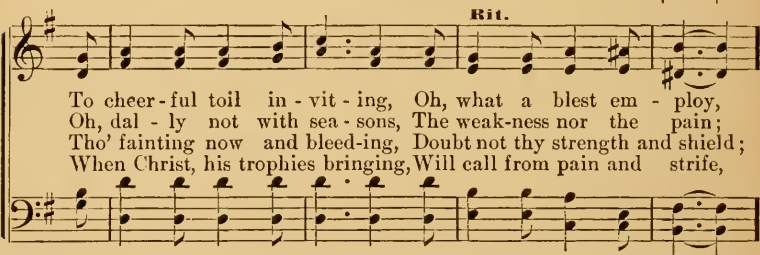
Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.



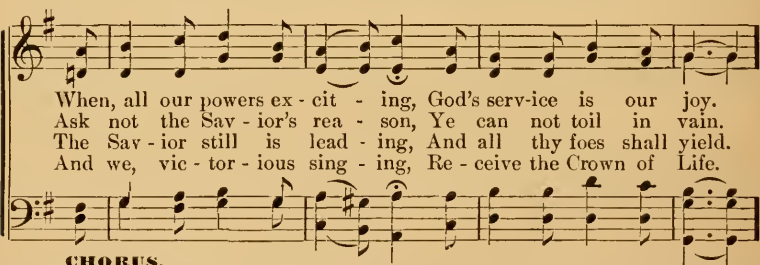
1. Go when the skies are bright-est, And smoothest is the road;
 2. Go when the way is drear-y, And fears the bo-som thrill,
 3. What tho' thy foes are strongest, And cru-el be their rage,
 4. Oh, blest di-vine as-sur-ance! Our wea-ry toil and tears



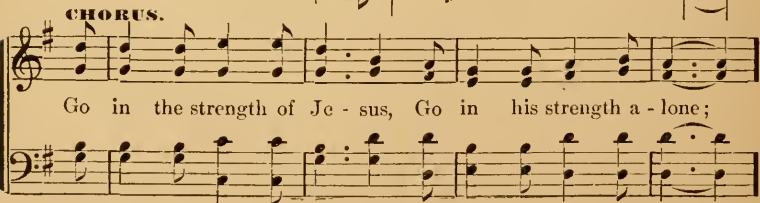
Go when the fields are whit-est, And gath-er sheaves for God.
 When hearts and steps grow weary, God guides and guards thee still.
 Thy day of con-flict long-est, And none thy wounds as-suage;
 But sweet-en faith's en-dur-ance—A day of tri-umph nears,



Rit.
 To cheer-ful toil in-vit-ing, Oh, what a blest em-ploy,
 Oh, dal-ly not with sea-sons, The weak-ness nor the pain;
 Tho' fainting now and bleed-ing, Doubt not thy strength and shield;
 When Christ, his trophies bringing, Will call from pain and strife,



When, all our powers ex-cit-ing, God's serv-ice is our joy.
 Ask not the Sav-ior's rea-son, Ye can not toil in vain.
 The Sav-ior still is lead-ing, And all thy foes shall yield.
 And we, vic-tor-ious sing-ing, Re-ceive the Crown of Life.



CHORUS.
 Go in the strength of Je-sus, Go in his strength a-lone;

Go in the Strength of Jesus. Concluded.

Toil on in faith, be-liev-ing, He will thy la-bors crown.

No. 37. The Harvest is White.

W. E. PENN.

JOHN 4: 35.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lift up your eyes, behold and see, The fields are white as white can be;
 2. For want of men to preach the truth, In every land, to age and youth,
 3. For want of men and women, too, To do whate'er they find to do,
 4. For want of men both young and old, Who love their Savior more than gold,

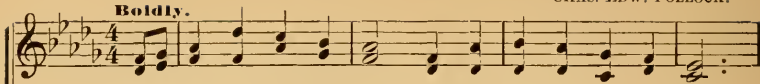
And much we're losing ev-'ry day, For want of men to work and pray.
 For Je-sus' sake to give up all, And humbly at his feet to fall.
 For-sake the fol-lies of the day, And toil and labor, watch and pray.
 For want of lib-'ral heart-ed men, The gospel through the earth to send.

CHORUS.


The harvest fields, O brother, see, Are just as white as white can be,

And much we're losing ev-'ry day, For want of men to work and pray.

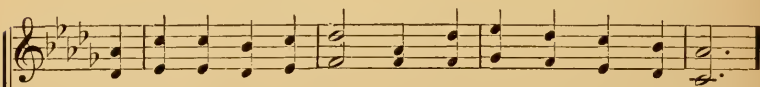
Copyrighted by W. E. PENN. From "Harvest Bells, No. 2," by per.

Boldly.


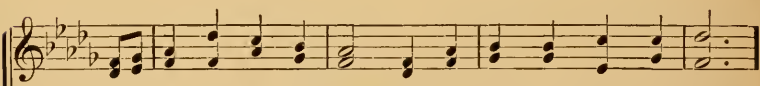
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength alone;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own.
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song.



From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall be led,
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watchful un - to prayer,
 To him that o - ver-com - eth A crown of life shall be,



Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Stand up for Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS

Stand up for Je - sus! Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Stand up for Je -

for Je - sus! Stand up for sus, ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It

Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross, of the cross. must not suf-fer loss; Stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross.

Repeat Chorus pp

No. 39. Old Hundred. L. M.

THOS. KEN. 1697.

G. FRANC. 1545.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

S. M. BROWN.

S. M. BROWN.

1. Our coun-try for Je - sus, of this will I sing, To thee, my be-
 2. Ye men of our country, this God favored land, Oh, why in the
 3. Our coun-try for Je - sus, come, join the re-frain, Ye sons of re-
 4. Our coun-try for Je - sus, how shall we re-frain, We're marching to

lov - ed, this tri - bute I bring, O home of my childhood, how
 con-flict do you i - dle stand, While sin and de - struc-tion and
 demption, his gos - pel pro-claim, In prayer and in serv - ice, in
 conquest in his bless-ed name, The des - ert shall blos - som, the

pre-cious to me, The God of all na - tions will let me love thee.
 ru - in and blight Are wrapping your sons in the man-tle of night.
 gift and in song, While all your dear children the cho - rus pro-long.
 mountains shall sing, And heaven's high arch with the cho-rus shall ring.

CHORUS.

Our country for Je - sus, O grant it, dear Lord, Hail, all ye good

* Originally written as "Missouri for Jesus."

Copyright, 1888, by S. M. BROWN.

Our Country for Jesus. Concluded.

peo - ple, be this your re - ward, And when the dear Mas - ter shall

bid us all come, May you and your children be safe gathered home.

No. 41. America.

S. F. SMITH.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love;
3. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing;

Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;

From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!
My heart with rapt - ure thrills; Like that a - bove.
Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

1. We have heard thy gentle voice, O blessed Savior, We are coming, we are
 2. We will follow in thy footsteps, blessed Master, From thy praise of love and
 3. We will follow, tho' the tempest burst around us, Tho' the waves of earthly

com-ing at thy call; Take us in thy mighty arms and help us ever,
 du - ty nev - er stray; And thy loving voice shall cheer us as we journey
 sor - row o'er us roll; For we know thy mighty hand will part the waters,

CHORUS.
 Safe - ly shel - tered in thy arms we fall. We are com - -
 To the land of beau - ty far a - way.
 And thy peace will still the storm control. Com-ing, coming,

ing, we are com - - ing, We are com-ing, bless-ed
 com-ing, Com-ing, coming, com-ing,

Savior, at thy call; We are com - - ing, we are
 at thy call, Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,

We are Coming. Concluded.

com - - ing, We are safe when in thy mighty arms we fall.
coming, coming, coming,

No. 43.

Work To-day.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

JOHN M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Go work in my vineyard to-day ; Why stand ye so i - dle a-round ? The
2. Go work in my vineyard to-day ; Be earnest, be active, be strong ; Go
3. Go work in my vineyard to-day ; Precious souls may be brought by thy love, From
4. Go work in my vineyard to-day ; Go hon-or thy Master and Lord ; Thy

day is far gone, and the night cometh on, Why not with the lab'ers be found ?
forth in his might, who will honor the right, And give thee the wages ere long.
darkness of night to his marvelous light, To a home with the ransomed above.
talents improve by the la-bor of love, And heaven shall be thy re-ward.

CHORUS.

Why not to-day ? why not to-day ? Work in my vineyard to-day ; For the

day is far gone and the night cometh on, Go work in my vineyard to-day.

No. 44.

Tell It Again.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him he said: "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The dying boy heard, and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing, a - lone,
 2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me
 3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en -
 4. Smiling he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad

at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
 the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my
 tered the val - ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who - so -
 that for me he was sent!" Whispered while low sank the

carried—said he: "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
 hand will he hold?—"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told."
 ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me."
 sun in the west: "Lord, I be - lieve tell it now to the rest."

CHORUS.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re -

Tell it Again. Concluded.

peat o'er and o'er. Till none can say of the

children of men, "No - bo - dy ev - er has told me be - fore."

No. 45. Church of God, Awake.

Mrs. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

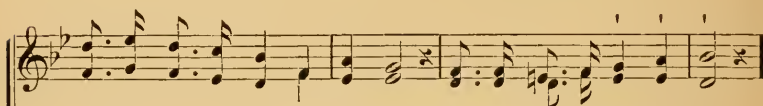
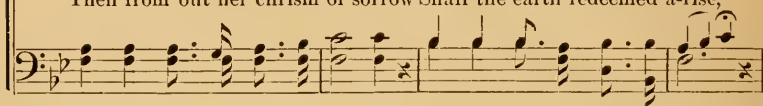
1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float along the glorious years,
 2. In your costly temples pray-ing, "Let thy kingdom come," we pray,
 3. Grace and glory he hath sent you, Cast your line in plac-es fair;
 4. Shake the earth and rend the heaven, Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,

Gath'ring har-vest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er-ty and tears:
 Are but words of i-dle mean-ing, If with these we turn a-way.
 Scat-ter bless-ings now, he bids you, O'er his green earth ev'ry-where.
 Till the measure full and e-ven Has been rendered at thy word.

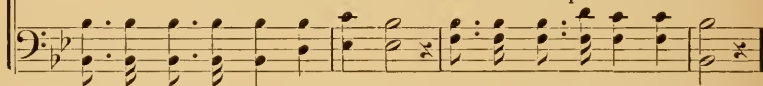
Church of God, Awake. Concluded.



Onward press, the cross is bending Far to-ward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv-en, From his hand who owns it all,
Till the millions in the twilight Of the far - off O-rient land,
Then from out her chrism of sorrow Shall the earth redeemed a-rise,



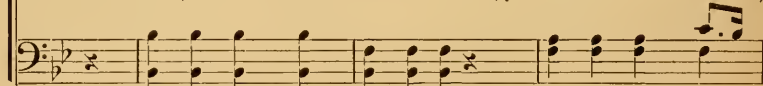
Speedy dawn of light por-tend-ing, Church of God, a-wake! a - rise!
And his eye be-holds in heav-en What ye ren-der back for all.
In the gra-cious morning splendor Of the gospel light shall stand.
And the fair mil-len-nial mor-row Dawn with o - pal tint - ed skies.



CHORUS.



Church of God, . . . awake! a-rise! Christ, your Head and Master,



Church of God, a - wake! a - rise! Christ, your Head and



cries, Send the Gos - pel's joyful sound Un-to earth's remotest bound.



Master, cries, Oh, send the Gos - pel's joyful sound

No. 46.

Zion.

THOMAS KELLY. 1804.

T. HASTINGS.

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sa-cred her-ald stands, }
 Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile hands; }
 2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? }
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By the sighs and tears unmoved? }
 3. God, thy God will now restore thee, He himself appears thy friend; }
 All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end; }
 4. En-emies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redressed; }
 For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's fa-vor blest; }

Mourning cap-tive, God him-self shall loose thy bands,
 Cease thy mourn-ing: Zi-on still is well be-loved,
 Great De-liver-ance, Zi-on's King vouchsafes to send,
 All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest,

Mourning cap-tive, God him-self shall loose thy bands.
 Cease thy mourn-ing: Zi-on still is well be-loved.
 Great De-liver-ance, Zi-on's King vouchsafes to send.
 All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest.

No. 47. Zion stands with Hills Surrounded.

(Tune above.)

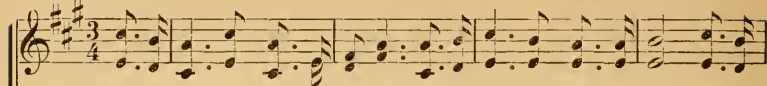
THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Tho' the world in arms combine;
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;

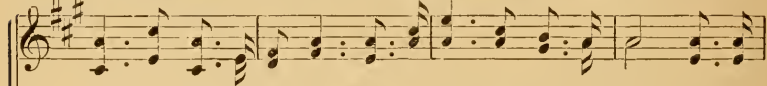
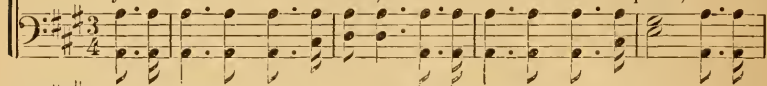
Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should show displeasure,
 'Tis to save, and not destroy;
 If he punish, 'tis in measure;
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
 Be thou patient,
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

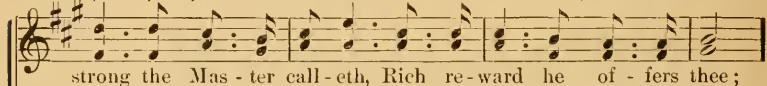
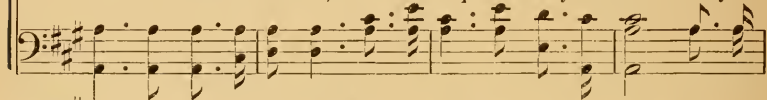


1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus crying, "Who will go and work to-day? Fields are

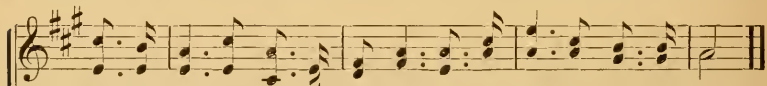
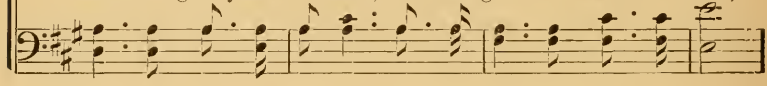
2. If you can not cross the ocean, And the heathen lands explore, You can



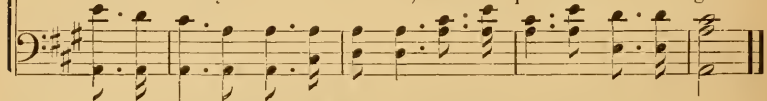
white and harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away?" Loud and
find the heathen near-er, You can help them at your door. If you



strong the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers thee;
can not give your thousands, You can give the wid - ow's mite,



Who will answer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me"?
And the least you do for Je-sus, Will be precious in his sight.



3 If you can not speak like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
If you can not rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Savior's waiting arms.

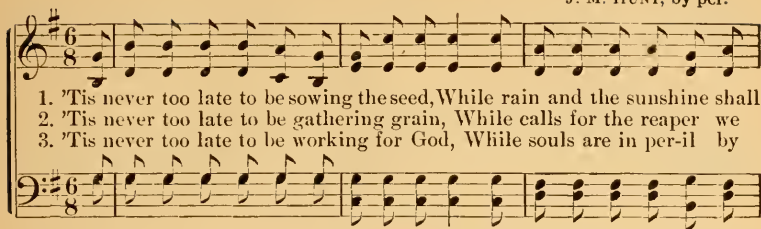
4 If you can not be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can do like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

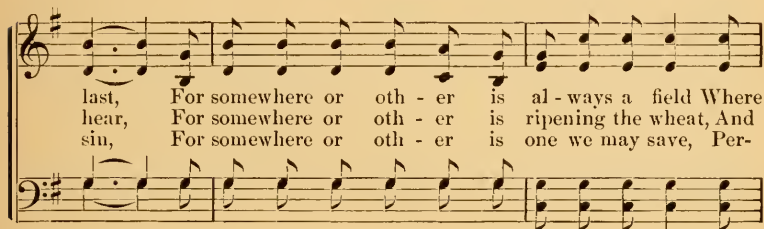
6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

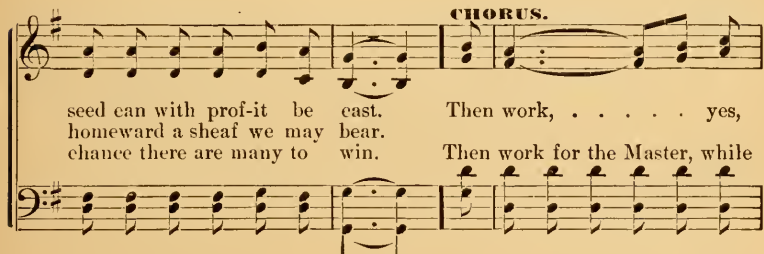
J. M. HUNT, by per.



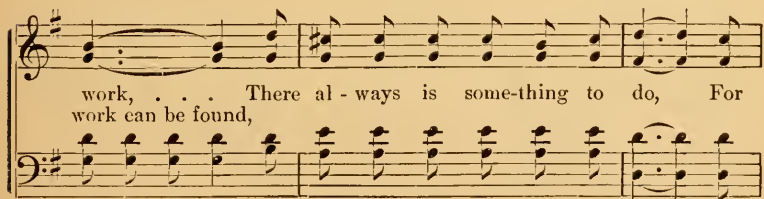
1. 'Tis never too late to be sowing the seed, While rain and the sunshine shall
 2. 'Tis never too late to be gathering grain, While calls for the reaper we
 3. 'Tis never too late to be working for God, While souls are in per-il by



last, For somewhere or oth - er is al - ways a field Where
 hear, For somewhere or oth - er is ripening the wheat, And
 sin, For somewhere or oth - er is one we may save, Per-



seed can with prof-it be east. Then work, yes,
 homeward a sheaf we may bear.
 chance there are many to win. Then work for the Master, while



work, There al - ways is some-thing to do, For
 work can be found,



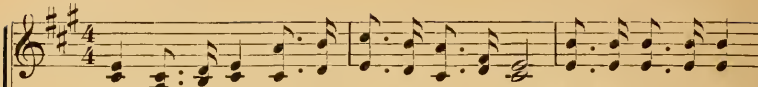
somewhere or other is always a field, And work there is waiting for you.

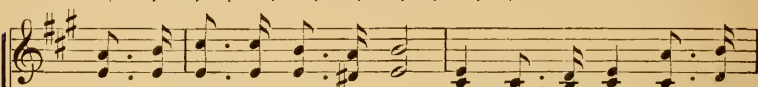
No. 50.

Work and Pray.


KATE SUMNER BURR.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

- 
1. Up, friends of Je - sus, the harvest now is white, Work will soon be o -
 2. Up, friends of Je - sus, for time will soon be o'er, Harvest days are pass -
 3. Shout, friends of Je - sus, for when our work is done, Joyful we will gath -




ver, fast falls the shade of night; Strong in his *strength*, let us
ing to come a - gain no more; Wake from re - pose, hear the
er to greet the har - vest home; Then let us has - ten the



bind the golden sheaves, Could we meet the Master with naught but leaves?
Mas - ter call - ing still, Rise to earn - est ef - fort with right good will.
golden sheaves to bind, Rest and life e - ter - nal we all shall find.

CHORUS.



Work and pray, yes, work and pray, Let the watchword pass along,

Work and pray, work and pray,



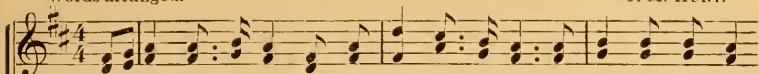
Work and pray while 'tis day, Come and join our happy throng.

Work and pray while 'tis day

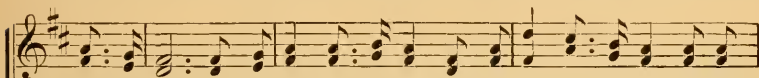
No. 51. Thank God for the Bible.

Words arranged.

J. M. HUNT.

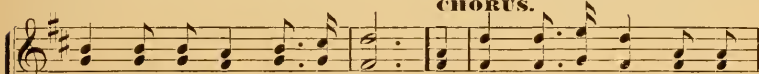


1. Thank God for the Bi-ble! 'tis here that we find The sto - ry of Christ
 2. Thank God for the Bi-ble! 'tis here that we read Of Je - sus, the Son
 3. Thank God for the Bi-ble! it tells of a land Where sorrow and pain
 4. Thank God for the Bi-ble! its truth o'er the earth We'll sow with a boun-

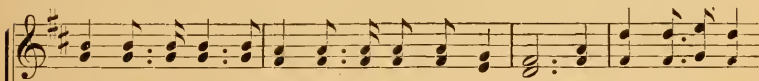


and his love—How he came down to earth from his beautiful home In the
 that was given; How he said, suffer children to come un - to me, For of
 are all o'er; Where the Savior has gone to pre-pare us a home In the
 ti - ful hand; But we nev-er can tell what the Bi-ble is worth, Till we


CHORUS.



man-sions of glo - ry a - bove.
 such is the king-dom of heaven. Thank God for the Bi - ble, the
 beau - ti - ful bright ev - er - more.
 go to that beau - ti - ful land.



dear blessed book! The volume that guided my youth; Its truth I'll proclaim,

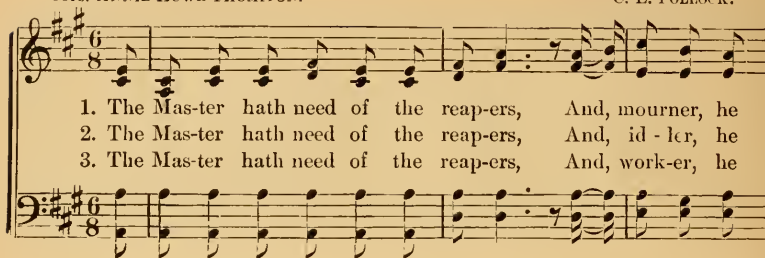


while in death I'll ex-claim, Thank God for the Bi - ble of Truth.

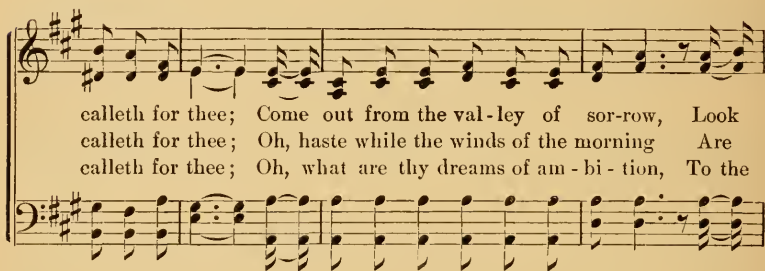
No. 52. The Master hath Need of the Reapers.

Mrs. ANNIE HOWE THOMPSON.

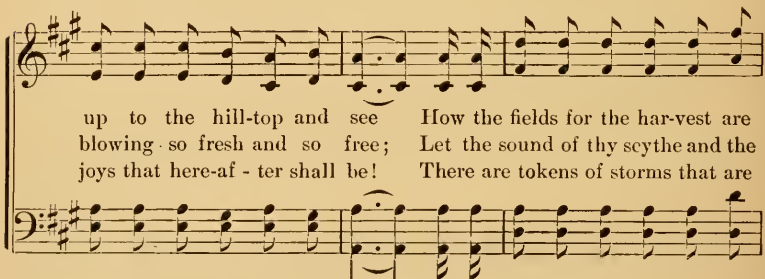
C. E. POLLOCK.



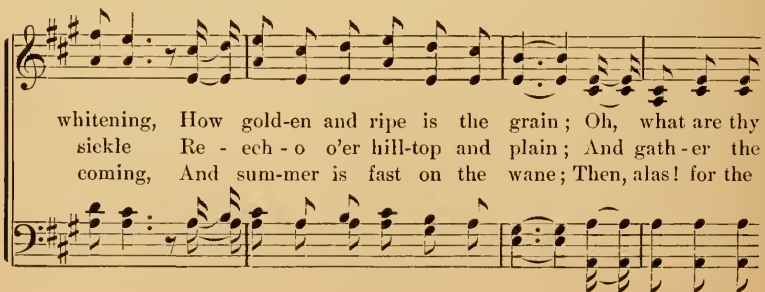
1. The Mas-ter hath need of the reap-ers, And, mourner, he
 2. The Mas-ter hath need of the reap-ers, And, id - ler, he
 3. The Mas-ter hath need of the reap-ers, And, work-er, he



calleth for thee; Come out from the val-ley of sor-row, Look
 calleth for thee; Oh, haste while the winds of the morning Are
 calleth for thee; Oh, what are thy dreams of am - bi - tion, To the



up to the hill-top and see How the fields for the har-vest are
 blowing so fresh and so free; Let the sound of thy scythe and the
 joys that here-af - ter shall be! There are tokens of storms that are



whitening, How gold-en and ripe is the grain; Oh, what are thy
 sickle Re - ech - o o'er hill-top and plain; And gath - er the
 coming, And sum-mer is fast on the wane; Then, alas! for the

The Master hath Need. Concluded.

wants to the summons, And what are thy griefs and thy pains?
sheaves in the gar-ner, For gold-en and ripe is the grain.
hopes of the har-vest, And a-las! for the beau-ti - ful grain.

No. 53. Army of the Lord.

"They shall march with an army."—JER. 46: 22.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

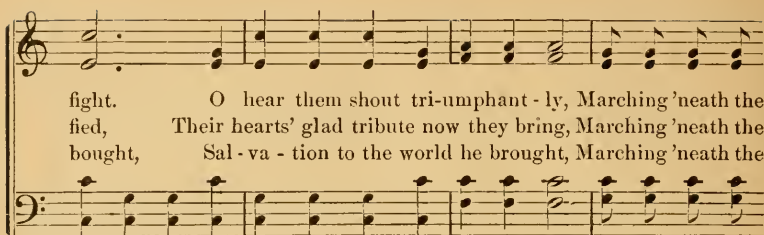
1. O soul, look up and thou shalt see, Marching 'neath the banner of the
2. A mighty song of praise they sing, Marching 'neath the banner of the
3. Now join, my soul, the mighty song, Marching 'neath the banner of the

cross, A might-y ar - my glad and free, Marching 'neath the banner
cross, Thro' all the world its ech-oes ring, Marching 'neath the banner
cross, O swell his prais-es loud and long, Marching 'neath the banner

of the cross, With sword and helmet bright, Glad weapons for the
of the cross, To Je - sus Christ who died, The Lamb once cruci-
of the cross, See what the Lord hath wrought, Thy pardon he hath

shield all bright, Glad weapons for the
died, who died, The Lamb for sinners
wrought, hath wrought, Thy peace and pardon

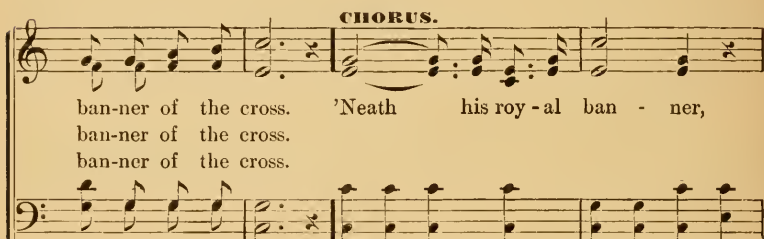
Army of the Lord. Concluded.



fight. O hear them shout tri-umphant - ly, Marching 'neath the
fied, Their hearts' glad tribute now they bring, Marching 'neath the
bought, Sal - va - tion to the world he brought, Marching 'neath the

com-ing fight.
cru - ci - fied.
he hath bought.

CHORUS.



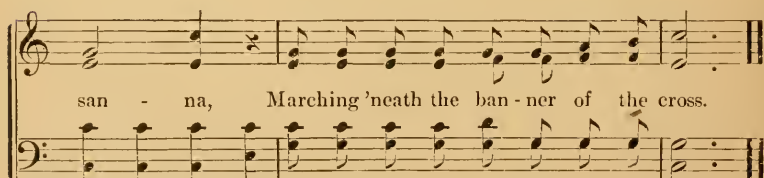
ban-ner of the cross. 'Neath his roy - al ban - ner,
ban-ner of the cross.
ban-ner of the cross.

Marching 'neath his roy - al ban-ner,



Lo! . . a might-y ar - my, Shout . . they now ho-

Lo! the King's own roy - al ar - my, Shouting now a



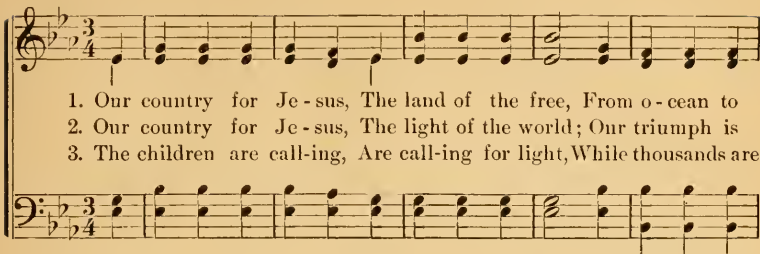
san - na, Marching 'neath the ban - ner of the cross.

loud ho - san - na,

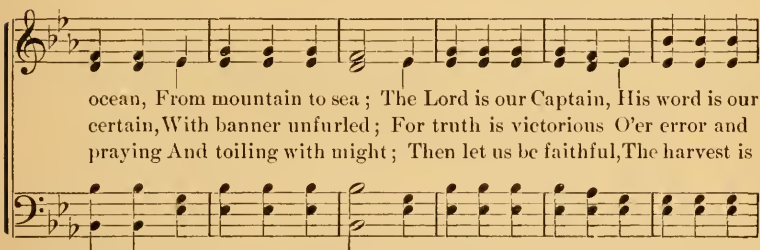
No. 54. Keep the Banner Unfurled.

J. H. LUTHER.

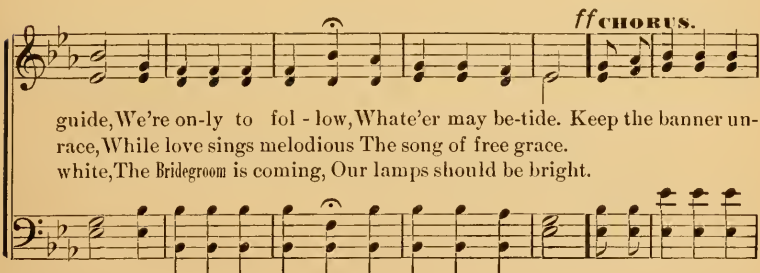
J. M. HUNT, by per.



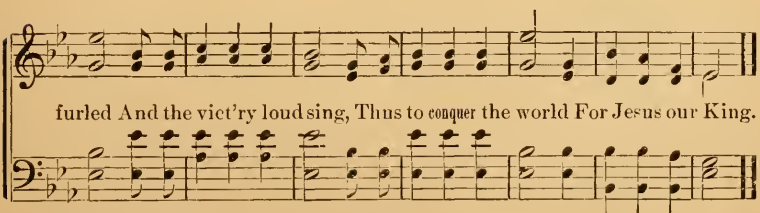
1. Our country for Je - sus, The land of the free, From o - cean to
 2. Our country for Je - sus, The light of the world; Our triumph is
 3. The children are call-ing, Are call-ing for light, While thousands are



ocean, From mountain to sea; The Lord is our Captain, His word is our
 certain, With banner unfurled; For truth is victorious O'er error and
 praying And toiling with might; Then let us be faithful, The harvest is



ff CHORUS.
 guide, We're on-ly to fol - low, Whate'er may be-tide. Keep the banner un-
 race, While love sings melodious The song of free grace.
 white, The Bridegroom is coming, Our lamps should be bright.



furled And the vict'ry loud sing, Thus to conquer the world For Jesus our King.

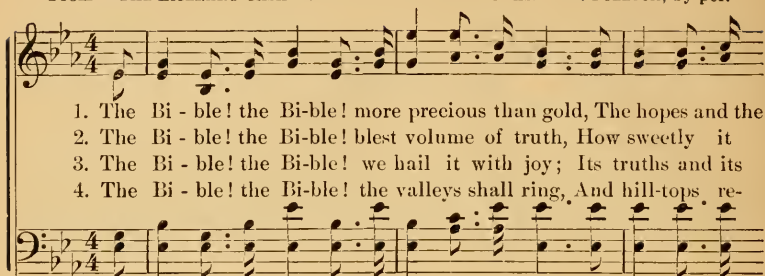
From "Gospel Alarm."

No. 55.

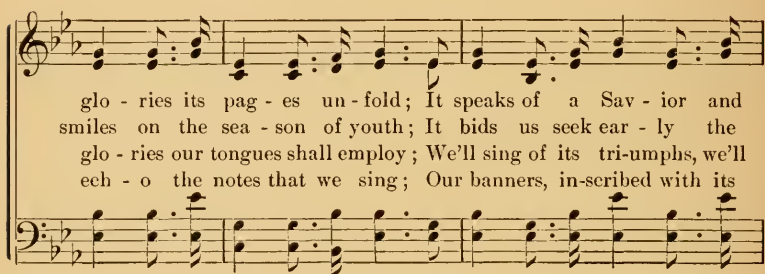
The Bible.

FROM "THE LITERARY CASKET."

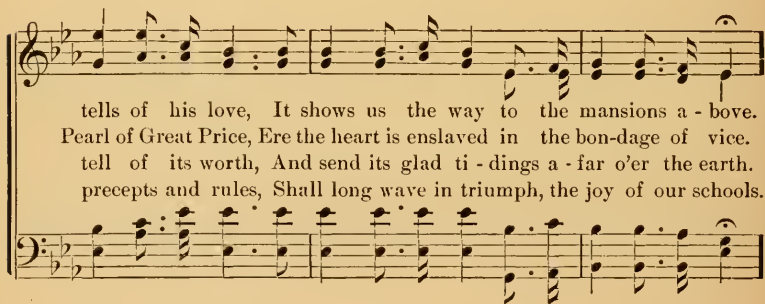
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. The Bi - ble! the Bi-ble! more precious than gold, The hopes and the
 2. The Bi - ble! the Bi-ble! blest volume of truth, How sweetly it
 3. The Bi - ble! the Bi-ble! we hail it with joy; Its truths and its
 4. The Bi - ble! the Bi-ble! the valleys shall ring, And hill-tops re-

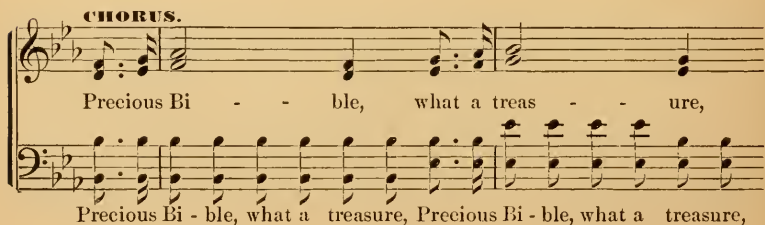


glo - ries its pag - es un - fold; It speaks of a Sav - ior and
 smiles on the sea - son of youth; It bids us seek ear - ly the
 glo - ries our tongues shall employ; We'll sing of its tri-umphs, we'll
 eeh - o the notes that we sing; Our banners, in-scribed with its



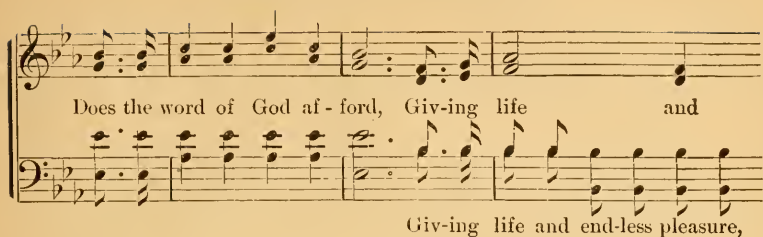
tells of his love, It shows us the way to the mansions a - bove.
 Pearl of Great Price, Ere the heart is enslaved in the bon-dage of vice.
 tell of its worth, And send its glad ti - dings a - far o'er the earth.
 precepts and rules, Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

CHORUS.

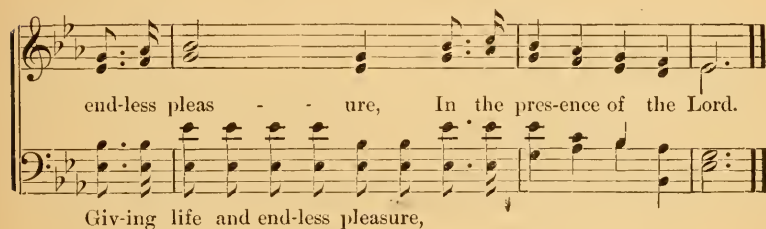


Precious Bi - - ble, what a treas - - ure,
 Precious Bi - ble, what a treasure, Precious Bi - ble, what a treasure,

The Bible. Concluded.



Does the word of God af - ford, Giv - ing life and
Giv - ing life and end - less pleasure,



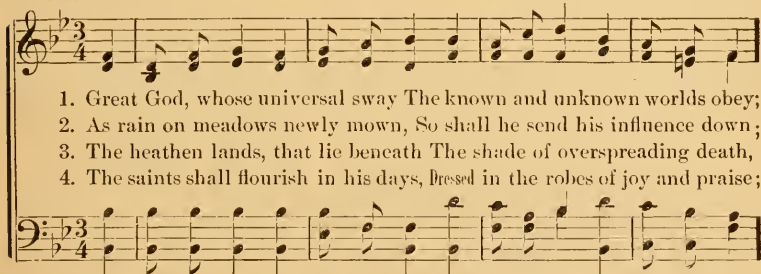
end - less pleas - - ure, In the pres - ence of the Lord.
Giv - ing life and end - less pleasure,

No. 56.

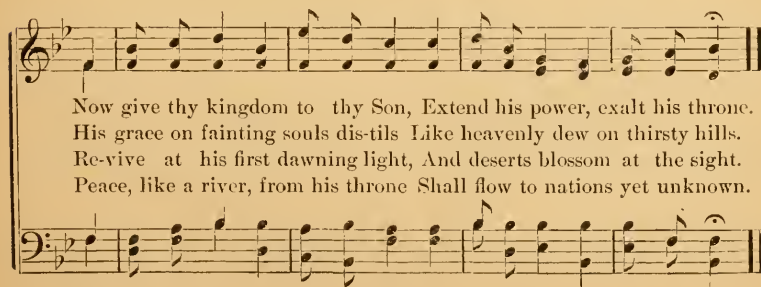
Hebron. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. L. MASON. 1830.



1. Great God, whose universal sway The known and unknown worlds obey;
2. As rain on meadows newly mown, So shall he send his influence down;
3. The heathen lands, that lie beneath The shade of overspreading death,
4. The saints shall flourish in his days, Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;



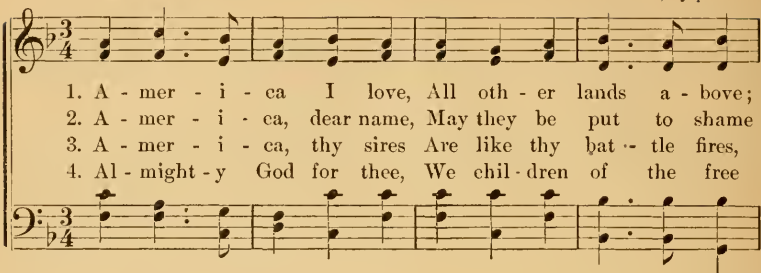
Now give thy kingdom to thy Son, Extend his power, exalt his throne.
His grace on fainting souls dis - tils Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
Re - vive at his first dawning light, And deserts blossom at the sight.
Peace, like a river, from his throne Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

No. 57.

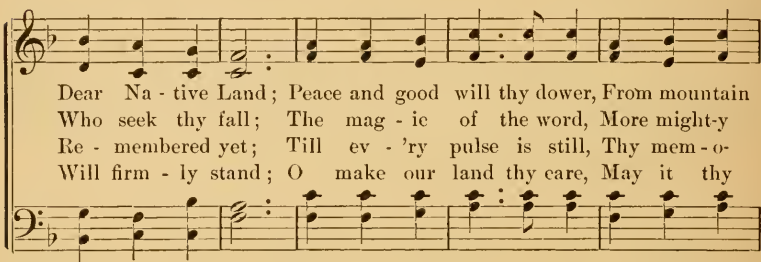
Dear Native Land.

REV. DWIGHT SPENCER.

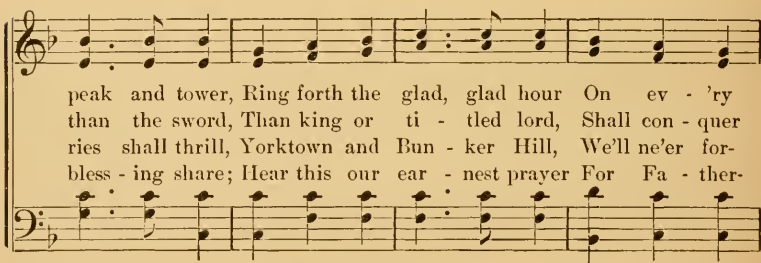
J. M. HUNT, by per.



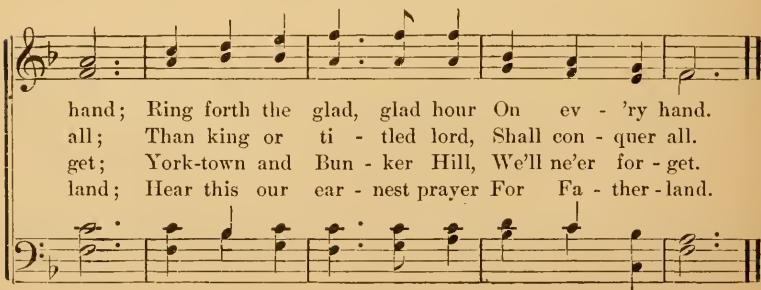
1. A - mer - i - ca I love, All oth - er lands a - bove;
 2. A - mer - i - ca, dear name, May they be put to shame
 3. A - mer - i - ca, thy sires Are like thy bat - tle fires,
 4. Al - might - y God for thee, We chil - dren of the free



Dear Na - tive Land; Peace and good will thy dower, From mountain
 Who seek thy fall; The mag - ic of the word, More might-y
 Re - membered yet; Till ev - 'ry pulse is still, Thy mem - o -
 Will firm - ly stand; O make our land thy care, May it thy



peak and tower, Ring forth the glad, glad hour On ev - 'ry
 than the sword, Than king or ti - tled lord, Shall con - quer
 ries shall thrill, Yorktown and Bun - ker Hill, We'll ne'er for -
 bless - ing share; Hear this our ear - nest prayer For Fa - ther -



hand; Ring forth the glad, glad hour On ev - 'ry hand.
 all; Than king or ti - tled lord, Shall con - quer all.
 get; York - town and Bun - ker Hill, We'll ne'er for - get.
 land; Hear this our ear - nest prayer For Fa - ther - land.

No. 58.

Jesus shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

KARL WILHELM. Arr.

f

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive
2. To him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, 'Till
crown his head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princes meet,
ev - 'ry morning sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue

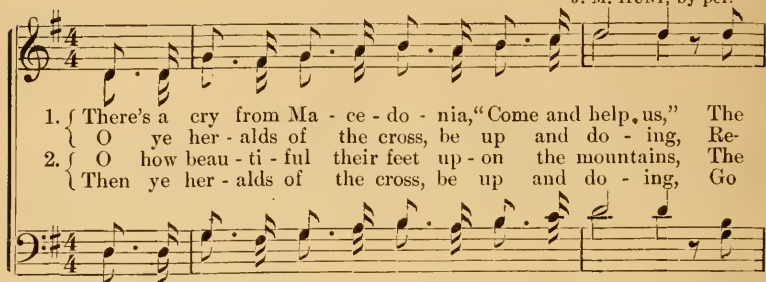
To pay their homage at his feet; While western em - pires
Dwell on his love with sweetest song, And in - fant voice - es

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word.
shall pro - claim His ear - ly bless - ings on his name.

No. 59. There's a Cry from Macedonia.

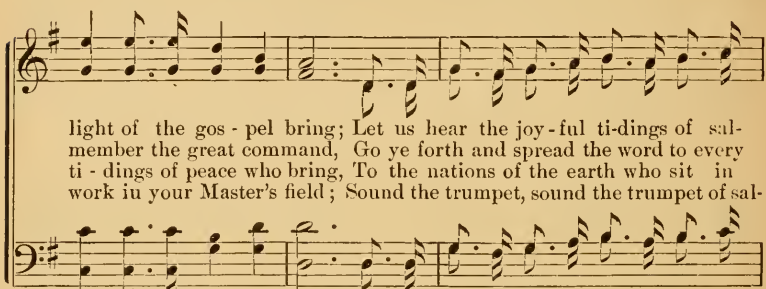
"There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—ACTS 16: 9.

J. M. HUNT, by per.



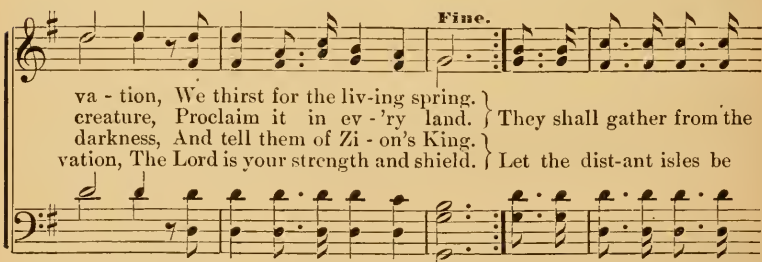
1. { There's a cry from Ma - ce - do - nia, "Come and help us," The
 { O ye her - alds of the cross, be up and do - ing, Re-
 2. { O how beau - ti - ful their feet up - on the mountains, The
 { Then ye her - alds of the cross, be up and do - ing, Go

D.C. There's a cry from Ma - ce - do - nia, "Come and help us," The



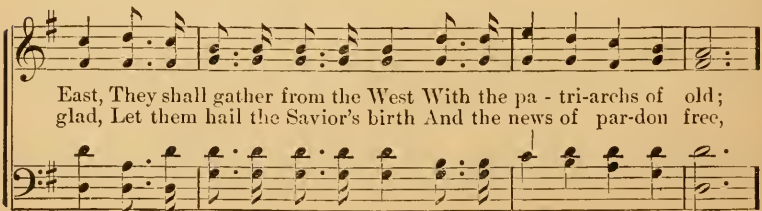
light of the gos - pel bring; Let us hear the joy - ful ti-dings of sal-
 member the great command, Go ye forth and spread the word to every
 ti - dings of peace who bring, To the nations of the earth who sit in
 work in your Master's field; Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of sal-

light of the gos - pel bring; Let us hear the joy - ful ti-dings of sal-



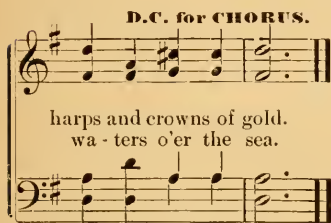
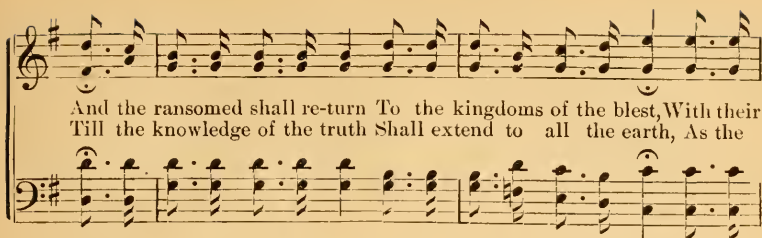
va - tion, We thirst for the liv - ing spring. }
 creature, Proclaim it in ev - 'ry land. } They shall gather from the
 darkness, And tell them of Zi - on's King. }
 vation, The Lord is your strength and shield. } Let the dist - ant isles be

va - tion, We thirst for the liv - ing spring.



East, They shall gather from the West With the pa - tri-archs of old;
 glad, Let them hail the Savior's birth And the news of par-don free,

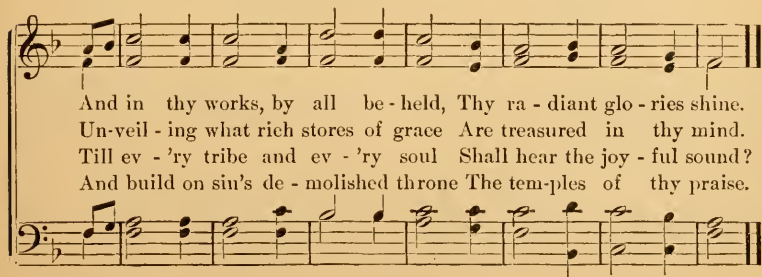
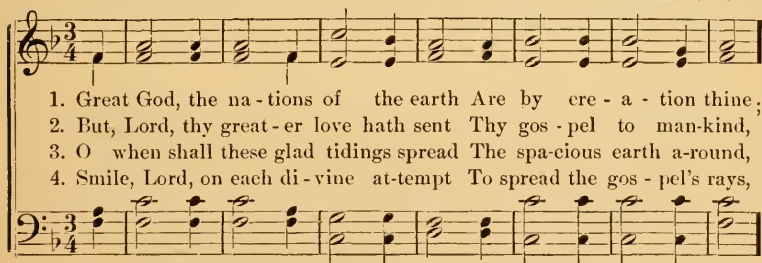
There's a Cry. Concluded.



3 Ye have 'listed in the army of the faithful,
Like heroes the battle fight,
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
Then gird on your armor bright;
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,
The sword of the Spirit wield,
You shall conquer thro' his mercy who hath loved you,
The Lord is your strength and shield.
Ye are marching to the land
Where the saints in glory stand,
And the just for joy shall sing;
Ye by faith may bring it nigh,
Ye shall reach it by and by,
And your shouts of triumph ring.

No. 60. O When shall these Glad Tidings.

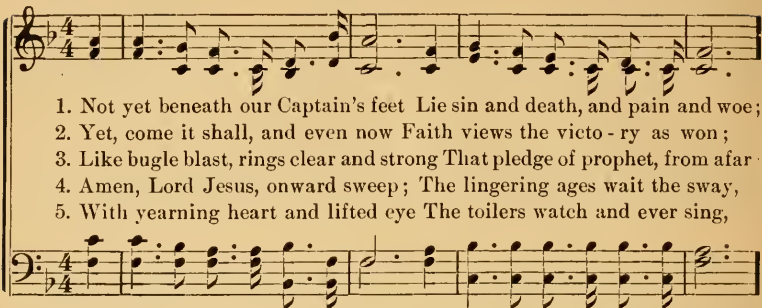
J. M. HUNT.



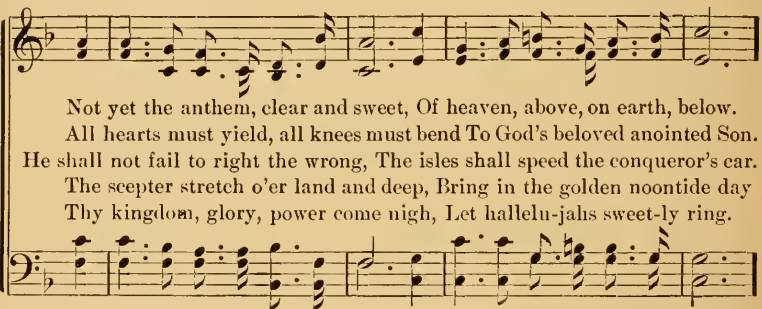
No. 61. Rejoice and Shout Aloud.

T. E. VASSAR, D.D.

ISAAC H. BULLERS.

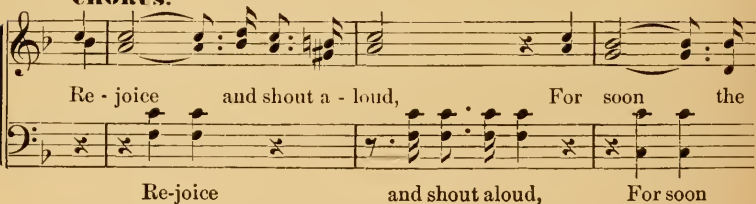


1. Not yet beneath our Captain's feet Lie sin and death, and pain and woe;
 2. Yet, come it shall, and even now Faith views the victo - ry as won;
 3. Like bugle blast, rings clear and strong That pledge of prophet, from afar -
 4. Amen, Lord Jesus, onward sweep; The lingering ages wait the sway,
 5. With yearning heart and lifted eye The toilers watch and ever sing,

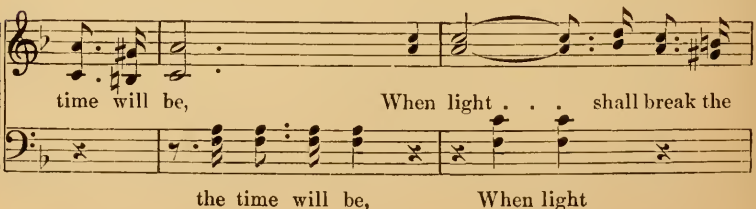


Not yet the anthem, clear and sweet, Of heaven, above, on earth, below.
 All hearts must yield, all knees must bend To God's beloved anointed Son.
 He shall not fail to right the wrong, The isles shall speed the conqueror's car.
 The scepter stretch o'er land and deep, Bring in the golden noontide day
 Thy kingdom, glory, power come nigh, Let hallelu-jahs sweet-ly ring.

CHORUS.



Re - joice and shout a - loud, For soon the
 Re-joice and shout aloud, For soon



time will be, When light . . . shall break the
 the time will be, When light

Rejoice and Shout Aloud. Concluded.

cloud, When Christ shall reign supreme, eter-nal-ly.

shall break the cloud,

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both are in a key of one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and 4/4 time. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are placed below the corresponding staves.

No. 62. The Mighty Song.

EMMA PITT.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Down the column of the a - ges Grandest echoes roll a - long,
 2. Ev - er, ev - er still in-creas - ing, Sounding o'er each distant chime,
 3. Let us sing our Savior's praises, Tarrying in this un-der clime,

This block contains the first three verses of the song. The musical notation is in treble and bass clefs, one flat key, and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Ev - er in their force increasing, Till the earth is filled with song.
 Till our earth e'en up to heav-en Echoes with the hallowed rhyme.
 Yonder we will sing ho-san - nas, Measured not by flight of time.

This block contains the next two verses of the song. The musical notation continues in the same style as the previous block.

CHORUS.

Clear and sweet the full vibrations Of the mighty, mighty song,

This block contains the chorus of the song. The musical notation is in treble and bass clefs, one flat key, and 4/4 time.

For the grand key-note is Jesus, And it thrills the countless throng.

This block contains the final verse of the song. The musical notation is in treble and bass clefs, one flat key, and 4/4 time.

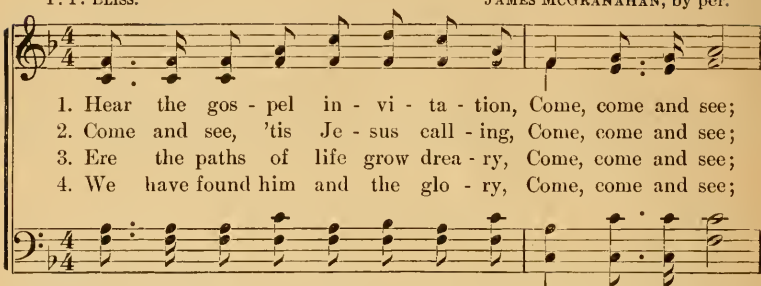
No. 63.

Come, Come and See.

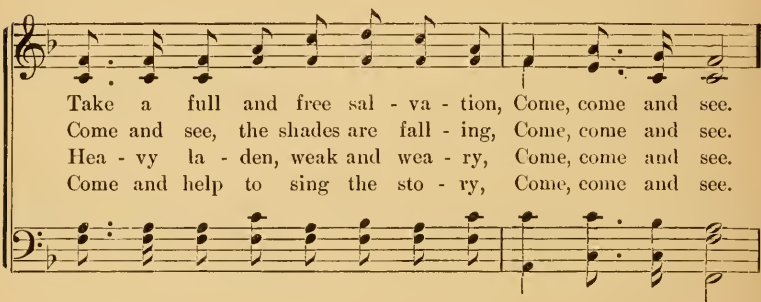
"Philip saith unto him, Come and see."—JOHN 1: 45.

P. P. BLISS.

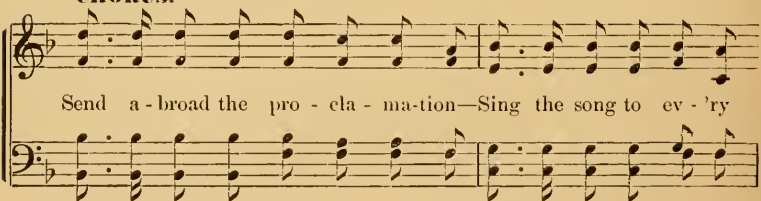
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



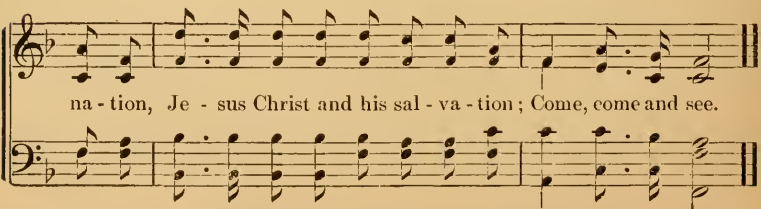
1. Hear the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come and see;
 2. Come and see, 'tis Je - sus call - ing, Come, come and see;
 3. Ere the paths of life grow drea - ry, Come, come and see;
 4. We have found him and the glo - ry, Come, come and see;



Take a full and free sal - va - tion, Come, come and see.
 Come and see, the shades are fall - ing, Come, come and see.
 Hea - vy la - den, weak and wea - ry, Come, come and see.
 Come and help to sing the sto - ry, Come, come and see.

CHORUS.


Send a - broad the pro - cla - ma - tion—Sing the song to ev - 'ry



na - tion, Je - sus Christ and his sal - va - tion; Come, come and see.

No. 64. Go Work in my Vineyard.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle."—MATT. 20: 6.

From "Missionary Helper."

J. R. MURRAY, by per.

1. Speak some word, where'er thou roamest, For the Lord of Love;
 2. Where the sweet young child is playing In the frond-ed grove;
 3. Where the skept-ic—bold and scornful, Makes his wi - ly plea,

For that word may find an ech - o In the world a - bove.
 Go and tell the wondrous sto - ry Of our Sav - ior's love.
 There they need to learn of Je - sus— There is work for thee.

Go where hearts are dai - ly bow - ing To some i - dol shrine;
 Where the heart is held in fet - ters By the cru - el bowl,
 Go, then, work as Christ shall bid thee, Wait not till the night;

Tell them God a - lone will hear them, He is all di - vine.
 Go to them with gen - tle plead - ing, Love may win the soul.
 Tho' the prospect may be gloom - y, Christ shall give thee light.

No. 65.

Ship of Zion.

Melody furnished by Rev. D. SULLINS, D. D.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1. There's a wail from the is - lands of the sea, (of the sea,
 2. There's a moan from the des - ert, full of pain, (full of pain,)
 3. There's a groan from the Gan - ges where they fall, (where they fall,)

There's a voice that is call - ing you and me, (you and me,)
 There's a sigh o - ver Af - ric's sun - ny plain, (sun - ny plain,)
 At the feet of the i - dols, in their thrall, (in their thrall,)

In the old Ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,
 In the old Ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,
 In the old Ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,

The good news of Zi - on, car - ry ye!
 Bear good news of Zi - on o'er the main.
 The good news of Zi - on, bear to all!

Ship of Zion. Concluded.

“Come o - ver and help us!” is the cry, (is the cry;)
 “Come o - ver and help us!” is the cry, (is the cry;)
 “Come o - ver and help us!” is the cry, (is the cry;)

Come o - ver and help us, or we die, (or we die,)
 Come o - ver and help us, or we die, (or we die,)
 Come o - ver and help us, or we die, (or we die,)

I see the woe fall-ing, I hear the voice call-ing,
 A - cross the wide wa - ters Hear Af - ric's dark daughters!
 I see i - dols fall-ing, And In - di - a call-ing,

Oh, Ship of Sal - va - tion, thith - er fly.
 Oh, Ship of Sal - va - tion, thith - er fly.
 Oh, Ship of Sal - va - tion, thith - er fly.

No. 66.

Ring the Bells.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 COR. 15 20.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells, Ech-o their mu - sic o'er
 2. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells, Je - sus has ris - en to
 3. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells, Let hill and val-ley with

land and sea; Je - sus has ris - en the lost to save, Ring to the world the
 die no more; Earth from her bondage of sin is free, Ring out the news from
 praises ring; Jesus has broken the bars of death, Crown him, oh, crown him

CHORUS.

Ring, ring the bells, Ring,
 vic - to - ry.
 shore to shore. Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells,
 Savior, King.

ring the bells,
 Ring, ring the bells, Oh, what joy to the world your sweet music tells!

Ring the Bells. Concluded.

Je - sus has ris'n the lost to save; Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords and single notes, also in common time. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 67. Christ for the World.

S. WALCOTT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring With
 2. Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring With
 3. Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring With
 4. Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring With

The score is in 2/2 time and features a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The treble staff contains the vocal melody, which is repeated for four different verses. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The music ends with a final cadence in the bass staff.

lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
 fer - vent prayer; The way-ward and the lost, By rest - less
 one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re-
 joy - ful song; The new-born soul whose days Reclaimed from

This section continues the musical setting. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests, while the bass staff provides a more active accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 passions tossed, Re-deemed at countless cost From dark de - spair.
 proach to dare, With us the cross to bear For Christ, our Lord.
 er - ror's ways, In-spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

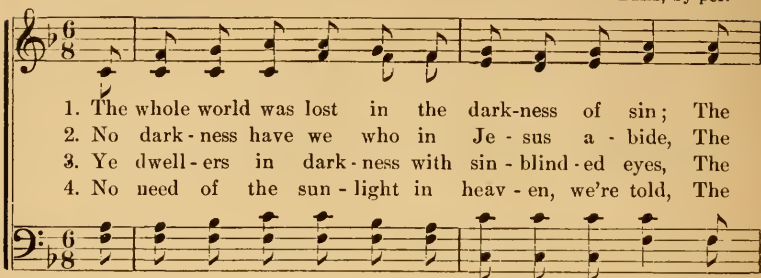
The final section of the score. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

No. 68. The Light of the World.

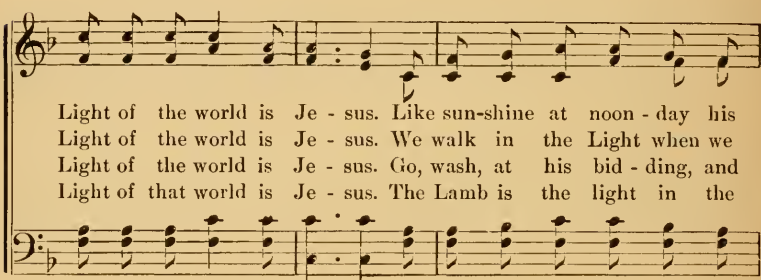
"I am the light of the world."—JOHN 9: 5.

P. P. B.

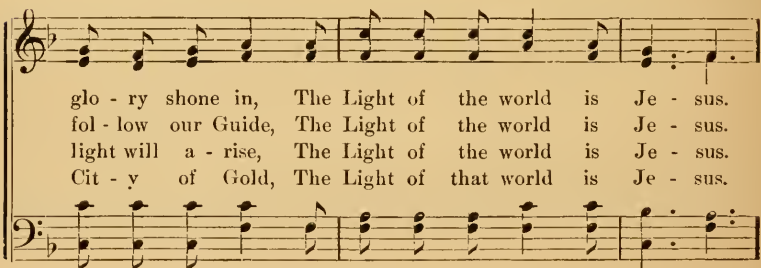
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The
 3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin - blind-ed eyes, The
 4. No need of the sun - light in heav - en, we're told, The

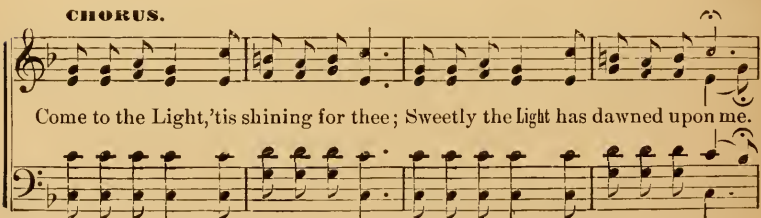


Light of the world is Je - sus. Like sun-shine at noon - day his
 Light of the world is Je - sus. We walk in the Light when we
 Light of the world is Je - sus. Go, wash, at his bid - ding, and
 Light of that world is Je - sus. The Lamb is the light in the



glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
 fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
 light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
 Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me.

The Light of the World. Concluded.

Once I was blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 69.

Kedesh.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Yes, my native land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well;
2. Home, thy joys are passing lovely—Joys no stran-ger heart can tell;

Friends, connections, hap - py coun-try, Can I bid you all farewell?
Happy home, in - deed I love thee, Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"

Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heath - en lands to dwell?
Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heath - en lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you, Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten, Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

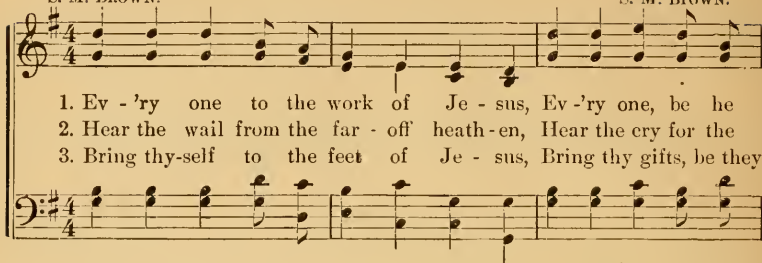
6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee, Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

No. 70. Every One to the Work.

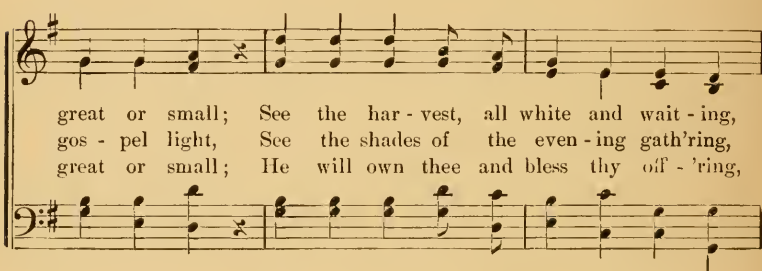
"And I will show thee my faith by my works."—JAMES 2: 18.

S. M. BROWN.

S. M. BROWN.

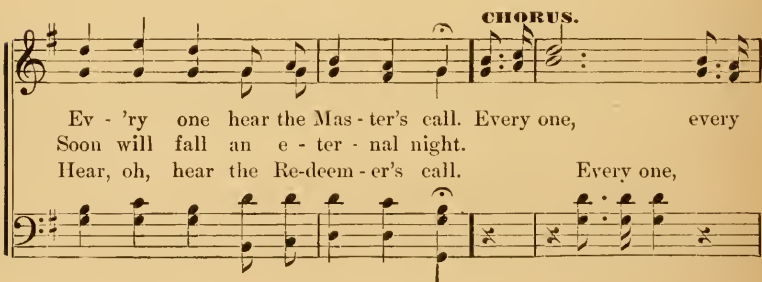


1. Ev - 'ry one to the work of Je - sus, Ev - 'ry one, be he
2. Hear the wail from the far - off heath - en, Hear the cry for the
3. Bring thy-self to the feet of Je - sus, Bring thy gifts, be they

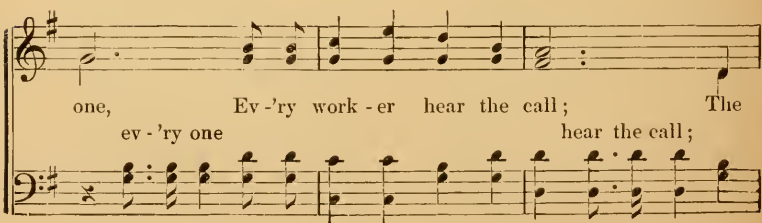


great or small; See the har - vest, all white and wait - ing,
gos - pel light, See the shades of the even - ing gath'ring,
great or small; He will own thee and bless thy off - 'ring,

CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry one hear the Mas - ter's call. Every one, every
Soon will fall an e - ter - nal night.
Hear, oh, hear the Re-deem - er's call. Every one,



one, Ev - 'ry work - er hear the call; The
ev - 'ry one hear the call;

Every One to the Work. Concluded.

lost ones bring from the paths of sin Ere the shades of the evening fall.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both parts feature a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 71. Dear Children far Away.

"Such as sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death."—Ps. 107: 10.

* * * *

J. R. MURRAY, by per.

1. In lands full of dark - ness a - cross the blue wave, Are ma - ny dear
2. No kind Christian pa - rents to show them the way, To tell them of
3. No Bi - ble to brighten their path-way of gloom, No hope full of
4. No Je - sus, no Bi - ble—how sad is the sight, While here o'er our

This musical score is for a two-part setting in 4/4 time. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and repetitive, with a common refrain. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

chil - dren the Lord died to save; Who, reaching out hands from far
Je - sus, to teach them to pray; To lead them in path-ways of
glo - ry be - yond the dark tomb; No prom - ise of God the sad
pathway the gos - pel shines bright; Lord, o - pen our hearts to the

This musical score continues the two-part setting from the previous block. It features the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues with the same simple, repetitive pattern. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

o - ver the sea, Are pleading for light shin - ing on us so free.
wisdom and truth, And teach them the love of our God in their youth.
soul to sus - tain, No knowledge that death to the Christian is gain.
poor children there, To give them the Bi - ble, our help and our pray'r.

This musical score is the final part of the two-part setting. It continues the same key signature and time signature. The melody concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

No. 72.

The Word of Life.

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations."—MATT. 28: 19.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. A - way, a - way, o'er the o - cean wave, A - way to the woodland
 2. A - way, a - way, with a bounding heart, A - way with a burn - ing
 3. A - way, a - way, to the Master's work, A - way with the morning

deep, A - way, a - way where the western winds O'er boundless prairies
 tongue, A - way, a - way where the tidings sweet Of grace was nev - er
 bright; A - way, a - way with a zeal that makes The cross a bur - den

sweep. At the Master's earnest call, To the Master's work we go,
 sung. With the "Word of Life," away, With the precious promise given;
 light. In the home and by the way, There the seed of truth to sow;

From morning light till the evening shade, The seeds of truth to sow.
 A - way, a - way to a - wake the lost, And point the way to heav'n.
 The des - ert then shall rejoice and bloom, The earth salva - tion know.

The Word of Life. Concluded.

CHORUS.

A - way o'er the o - cean wave, A - way to the woodland deep,
ocean wave, woodland deep,

A - way, a - way with the "Word of Life," Where boundless prairies sweep.

No. 73. Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run ;
2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head ;
3. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns ; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
5. Let every creature rise and bring Pe - culiar hon - ors to our King ;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sac - ri - fice.
And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.
The weary find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
Angels descend with songs a - gain, And earth repeat the loud A - men !

No. 74.

Hunt.

R. HEBER.

Written for this work.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.

1. From Greenland's ic-y mountains, From India's cor-al strand, Where
 2. What tho' the spic-y breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho'
 3. Can we, whose souls are light-ed By wis-dom from on high, Can
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto-ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till,

Af-rie's sun-ny fount-ains Roll down their gold-en sand; From
 ev-'ry pro-spect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile! In
 we, to men be-night-ed, The lamp of life de-ny? Sal-
 like a sea of glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till,

many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain, They
 vain, with lav-ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown; The
 va-tion! oh, sal-va-tion! The joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till
 o'er our ran-somed nat-ure, The Lamb for sin-ners slain, Re-

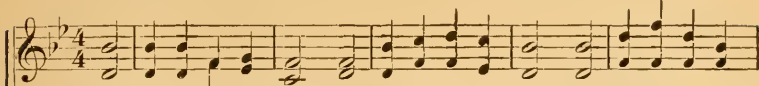
call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.
 heath-en, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has learned Mes-si-ah's name.
 deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 75. Blow ye the Trumpet.

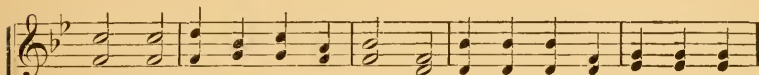
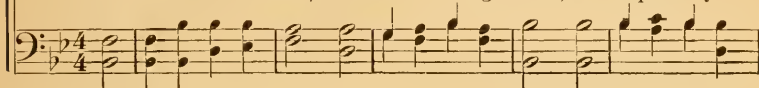
"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound."—LEV. 25: 9.

CHAS. WESLEY.

EDSON.



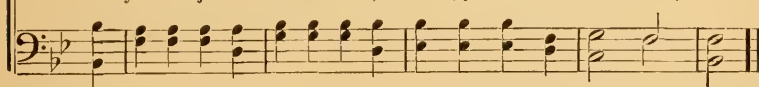
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound ; Let all the nations
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, His full atonement made ; Ye weary spirits,
3. Exalt the Lamb of God, The sin-a - toning Lamb ; Redemption by his



know, To earth's remot-est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come,
rest ; Ye mourning souls, be glad ; The year of ju - bi - lee is come,
blood Thro' all the world proclaim ; The year of ju - bi - lee is come,



The year of ju-bi - lee is come ; Return, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.



No. 76. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

(Tune above.)

I Arise, my soul, arise ;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,

His precious blood to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

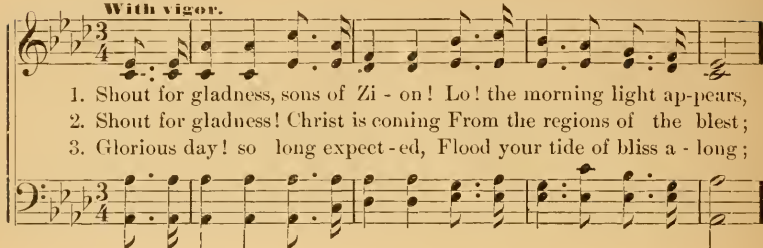
No. 77.

Shout for Gladness.

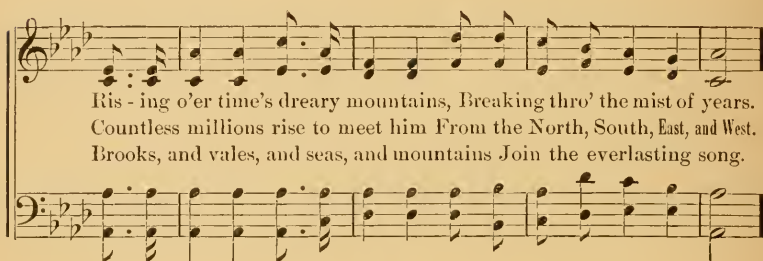
"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ, the Lord."—LUKE 2: 11.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

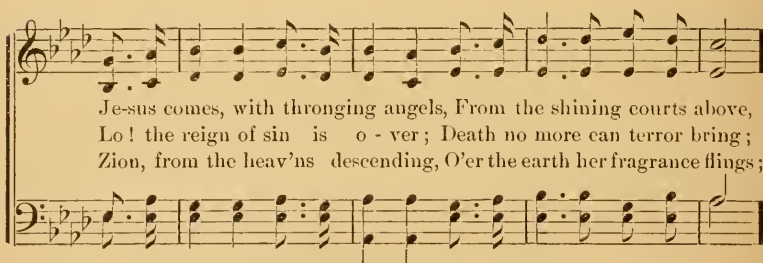
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

With vigor.


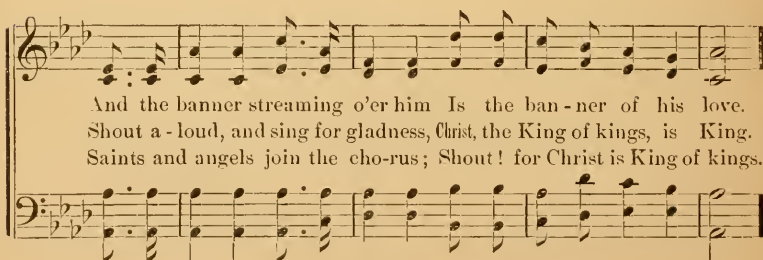
1. Shout for gladness, sons of Zi - on ! Lo ! the morning light ap - pears,
 2. Shout for gladness ! Christ is coming From the regions of the blest ;
 3. Glorious day ! so long expect - ed, Flood your tide of bliss a - long ;



Ris - ing o'er time's dreary mountains, Breaking thro' the mist of years.
 Countless millions rise to meet him From the North, South, East, and West.
 Brooks, and vales, and seas, and mountains Join the everlasting song.



Je - sus comes, with thronging angels, From the shining courts above,
 Lo ! the reign of sin is o - ver ; Death no more can terror bring ;
 Zion, from the heav'ns descending, O'er the earth her fragrance flings ;



And the banner streaming o'er him Is the ban - ner of his love.
 Shout a - loud, and sing for gladness, Christ, the King of kings, is King.
 Saints and angels join the cho - rus ; Shout ! for Christ is King of kings.

Shout for Gladness. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Shout for gladness, O ye peo-ple, Let your songs of triumph ring!

Lo! the morn of Zi-on's glo-ry, Christ, the King of kings, is King.

No. 78. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night."—ISA. 21: 11.

REV. SIDNEY S. BREWER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

Fine

1. Watchman, tell me does the morning Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn; }
Have the signs that mark his coming Yet up-on my pathway shone? }

D.C. Spurn the un-be-lief that bound thee, Morning dawns, arise, a-rise!

2. See the glo-rious light as-cend-ing Of the grand Sab-bat-ic year, }
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming The Mes-si-ah's kingdom near; }

D.C. Sa-lem, too, ap-pears in grandeur, Tow'ring 'neath her sunlit skies.

D.C.

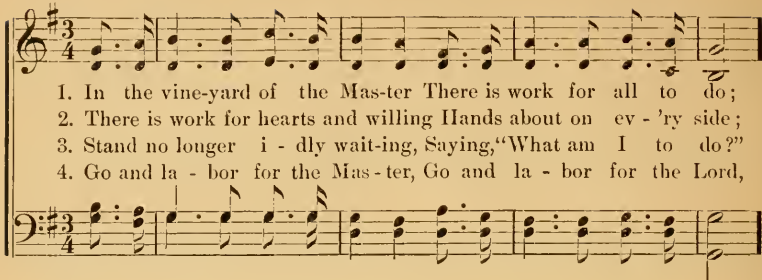
Pil-grim, yes, arise, look 'round thee, Light is breaking in the skies;
Watchman, yes, I see just yon-der, Canaan's glorious heights a-rise;

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

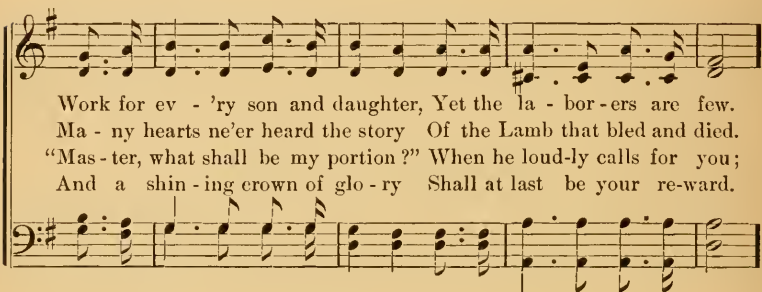
4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day.
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth to sea
All the saints of God now sleeping—
Clad in immortality.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

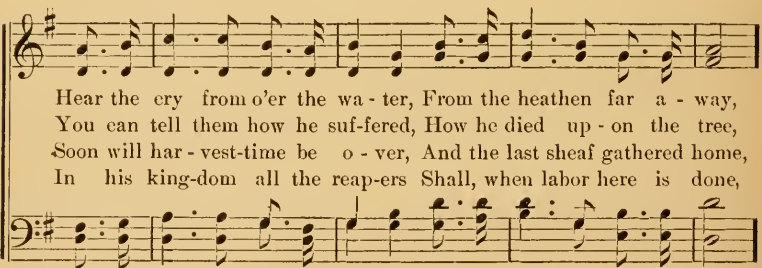
J. M. HUNT.



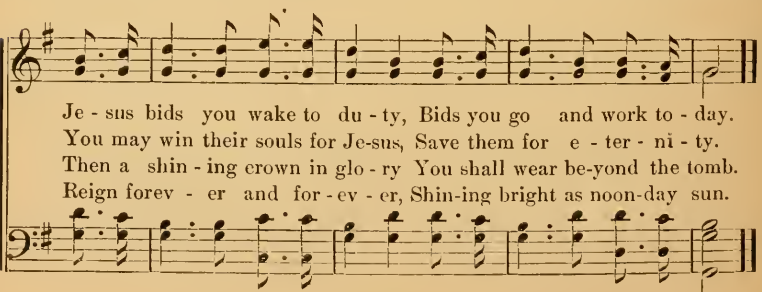
1. In the vine-yard of the Mas-ter There is work for all to do;
 2. There is work for hearts and willing Hands about on ev-'ry side;
 3. Stand no longer i-dly wait-ing, Saying, "What am I to do?"
 4. Go and la-bor for the Mas-ter, Go and la-bor for the Lord,



Work for ev-'ry son and daughter, Yet the la-bor-ers are few.
 Ma-n'y hearts ne'er heard the story Of the Lamb that bled and died.
 "Mas-ter, what shall be my portion?" When he loud-ly calls for you;
 And a shin-ing crown of glo-ry Shall at last be your re-ward.



Hear the cry from o'er the wa-ter, From the heathen far a-way,
 You can tell them how he suf-fered, How he died up-on the tree,
 Soon will har-vest-time be o-ver, And the last sheaf gathered home,
 In his king-dom all the reap-ers Shall, when labor here is done,

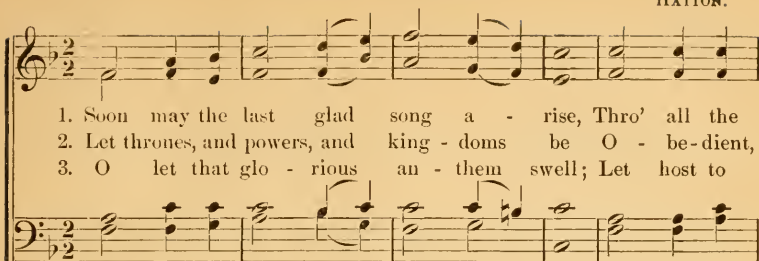


Je-sus bids you wake to du-ty, Bids you go and work to-day.
 You may win their souls for Je-sus, Save them for e-ter-ni-ty.
 Then a shin-ing crown in glo-ry You shall wear be-yond the tomb.
 Reign forev-er and for-ev-er, Shin-ing bright as noon-day sun.

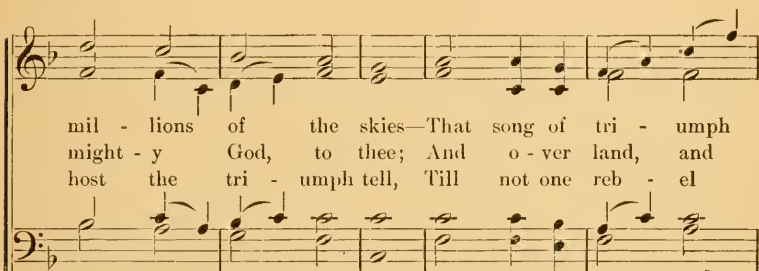
No. 80.

Duke Street.

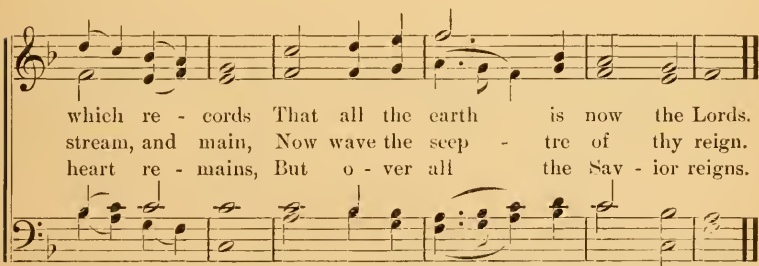
HATTON.



1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the
2. Let thrones, and powers, and king - doms be O - be-dient,
3. O let that glo - rious an - them swell; Let host to



mil - lions of the skies—That song of tri - umph
might - y God, to thee; And o - ver land, and
host the tri - umph tell, Till not one reb - el



which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lords.
stream, and main, Now wave the seep - tre of thy reign.
heart re - mains, But o - ver all the Say - ior reigns.

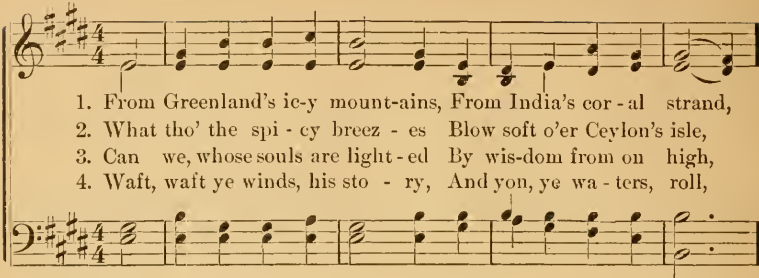
No. 81. Ye Nations of the Earth.

(Tune above.)

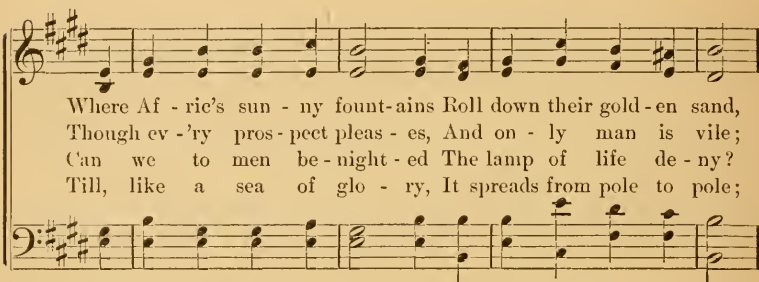
- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King,
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing. | 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there. |
| 2 The Lord is God, 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live. | 4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure. |

HEER.

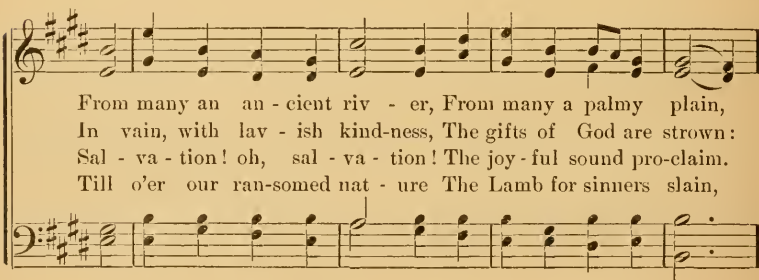
Dr. L. MASON.



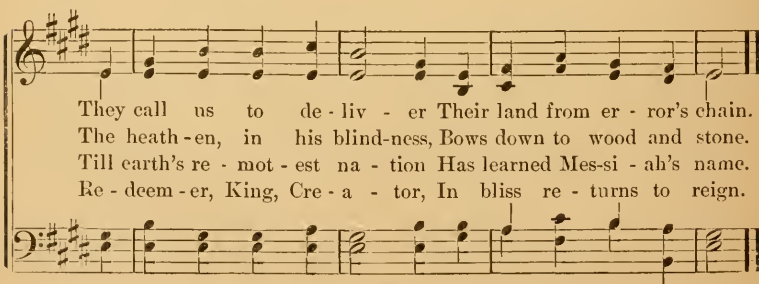
1. From Greenland's ic-y mount-ains, From India's cor-al strand,
 2. What tho' the spi-cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 3. Can we, whose souls are light-ed By wis-dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft ye winds, his sto-ry, And yon, ye wa-ters, roll,



Where Af-ric's sun-ny fount-ains Roll down their gold-en sand,
 Though ev-'ry pros-pect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile;
 Can we to men be-night-ed The lamp of life de-ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



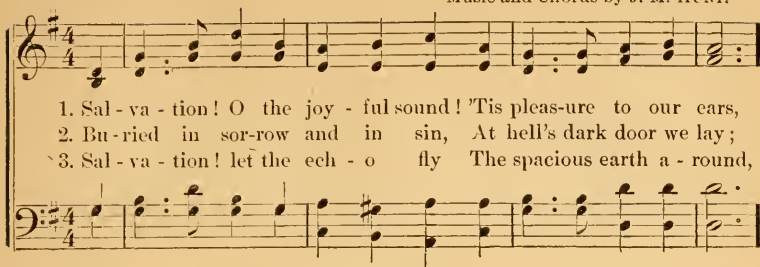
From many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palmy plain,
 In vain, with lav-ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown:
 Sal-va-tion! oh, sal-va-tion! The joy-ful sound pro-claim.
 Till o'er our ran-somed nat-ure The Lamb for sinners slain,



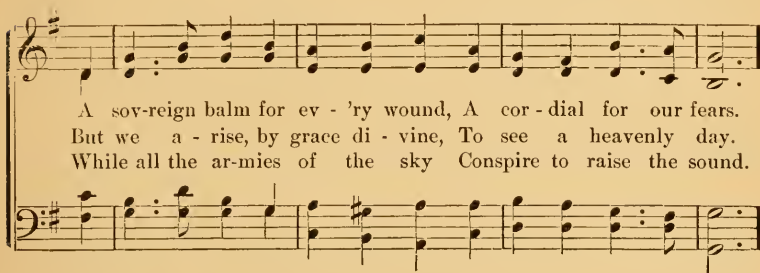
They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.
 The heath-en, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has learned Mes-si-ab's name.
 Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 83. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.



1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears,
 2. Bu - ried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
 3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth a - round,

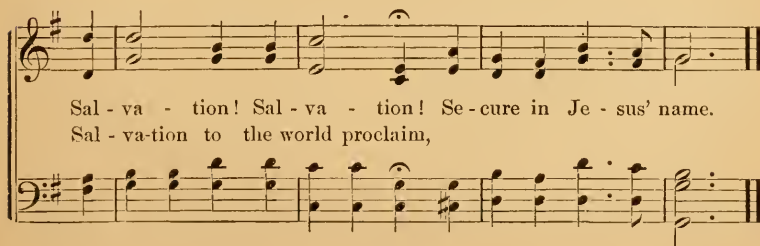


A sov - reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
 But we a - rise, by grace di - vine, To see a heavenly day.
 While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

CHORUS.



Sal - va - tion! Sal - va - tion! To all the world proclaim, proclaim,
 Sal - va - tion sure in Je - sus name,

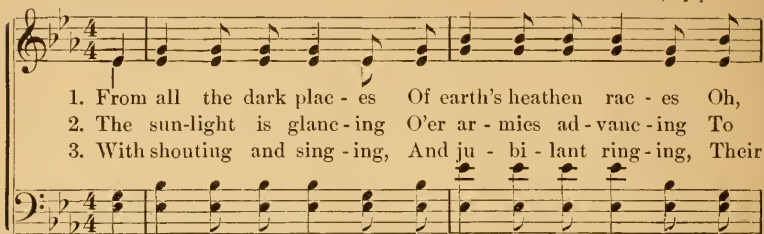


Sal - va - tion! Sal - va - tion! Se - cure in Je - sus' name.
 Sal - va - tion to the world proclaim,

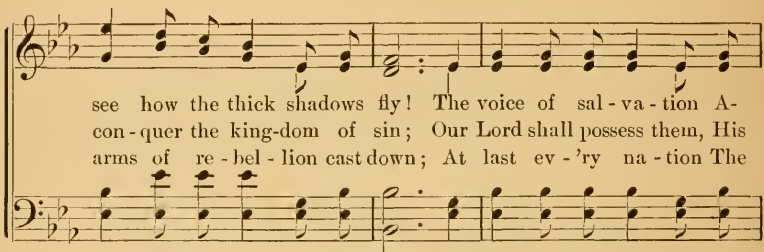
No. 84. The Kingdom Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

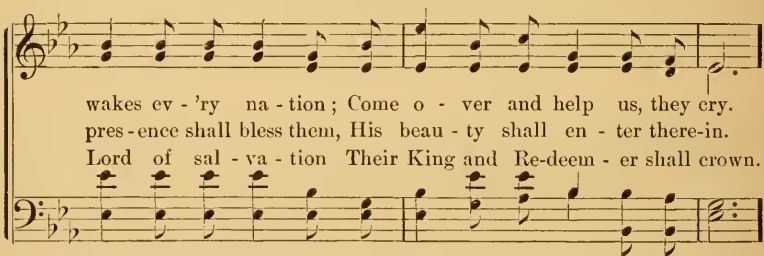
R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



1. From all the dark plac - es Of earth's heathen rac - es Oh,
 2. The sun-light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing To
 3. With shouting and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

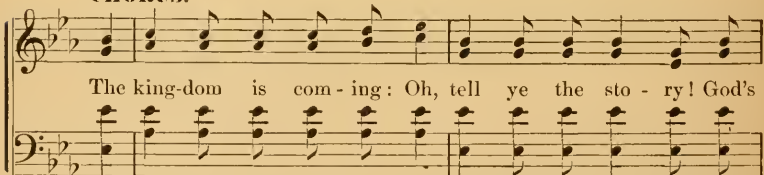


see how the thick shadows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
 con - quer the king - dom of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His
 arms of re - bel - lion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The

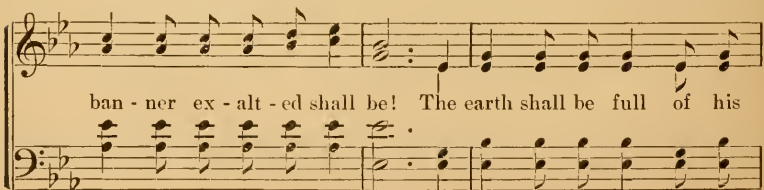


wakes ev - 'ry na - tion; Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
 pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter there-in.
 Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown.

CHORUS.

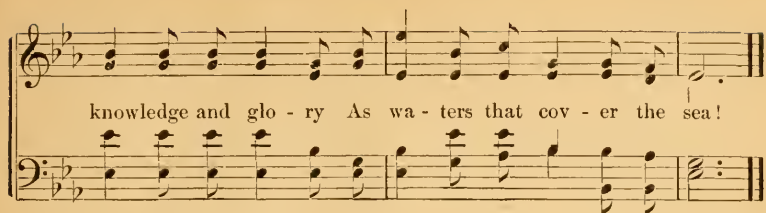


The king - dom is com - ing: Oh, tell ye the sto - ry! God's



ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of his

The Kingdom Coming. Concluded.



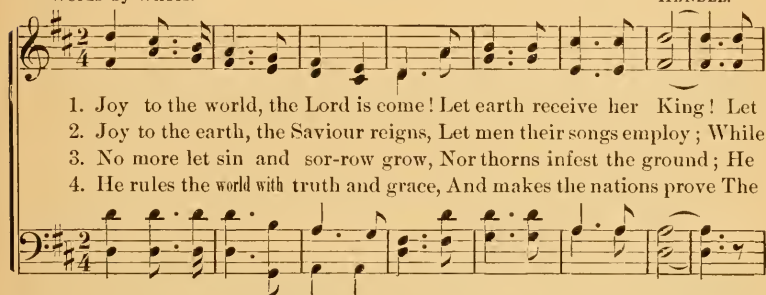
knowledge and glo - ry As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!

No. 85.

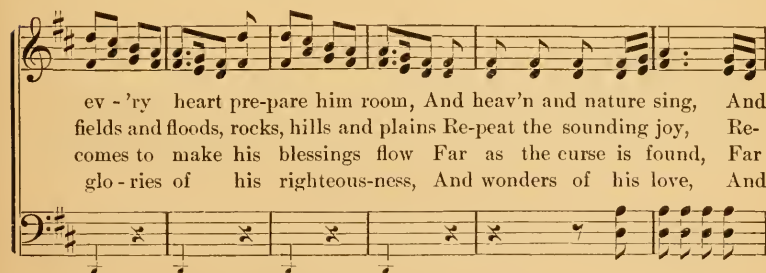
Antioch.

Words by WATTS.

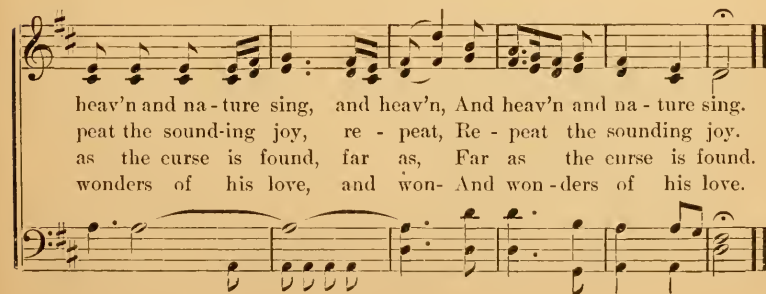
HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King! Let
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns, Let men their songs employ; While
3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The



ev - 'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-
comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of his righteous-ness, And wonders of his love, And



heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, re - peat, Re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, far as, Far as the curse is found.
wonders of his love, and won- And won - ders of his love.

No. 86.

Hear the Cry.

J. M. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Hear the cry from heathen lands, As they stretch their helpless hands;
 2. Na-tions, long in darkest night, Now are seeking for the light;
 3. We, whose souls are saved from sin, Now should help to others win;

Hearken to this plaintive cry, Send the gospel ere they die.
 Glad they hear the gospel sound, To the earth's re-mo-test bound.
 Jesus pleads and an-gels sing, Shall we not our troppies bring.

CHORUS.

Bear the glad news to every land, Jesus will save with his own hand;

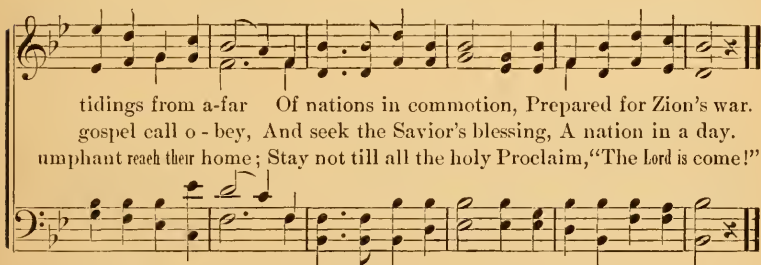
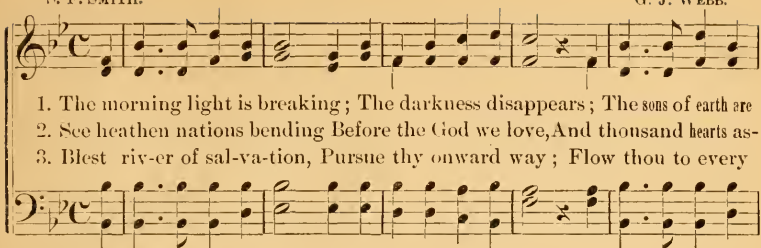
Tell to the lost from shore to shore, Jesus will save for ev-er-more.

No. 87.

Webb.

S. F. SMITH.

G. J. WEBB.



No. 88.

Stand up for Jesus.

(Tune above.)

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his royal banner,

It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory

His army shall be led,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Stand in his strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you,

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,

And watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls or danger,

Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long,

This day the noise of battle,

The next the victor's song:

To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be:

He with the King of glory

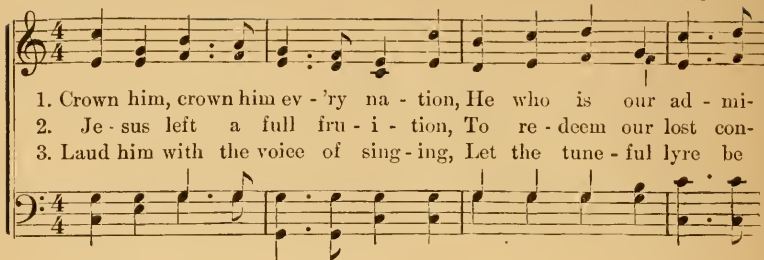
Shall reign eternally.

No. 89.

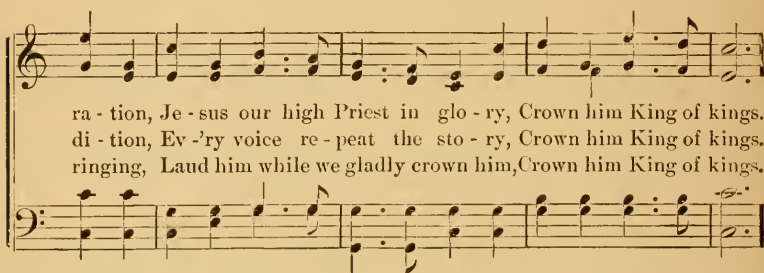
Crown Him.

Mrs. E. O. PAGE.

C. C. CASE, by per.



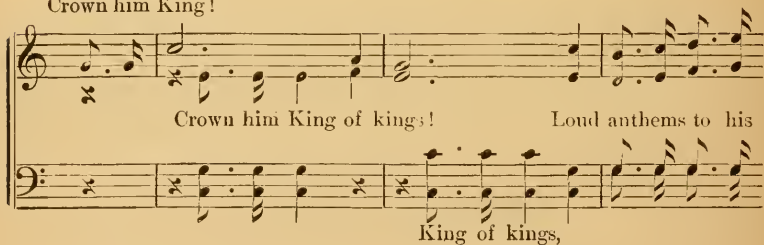
1. Crown him, crown him ev - 'ry na - tion, He who is our ad - mi -
 2. Je - sus left a full fru - i - tion, To re - deem our lost con -
 3. Laud him with the voice of sing - ing, Let the tune - ful lyre be



ra - tion, Je - sus our high Priest in glo - ry, Crown him King of kings.
 di - tion, Ev - 'ry voice re - peat the sto - ry, Crown him King of kings.
 ringing, Laud him while we gladly crown him, Crown him King of kings.

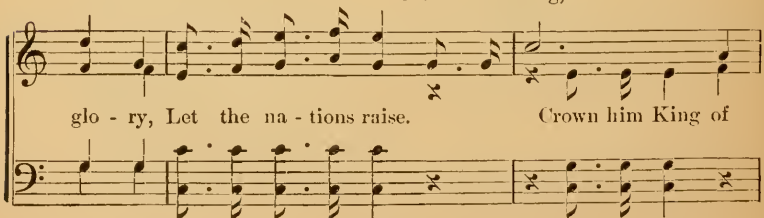
CHORUS.

Crown him King!



Crown him King of king; Loud anthems to his
 King of kings,

Crown him King,



glo - ry, Let the na - tions raise. Crown him King of

Crown Him. Concluded.

kings, And let the heavens re-peat the sound-ing praise.
 King of kings,

No. 90. Form Your Mission Bands.

(Suitable before the collection.)

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

G. F. ROOT, by per.

Allegretto.

1. Form, form your mission bands, Chil-dren, chil-dren, Send, send to
 2. Pray, pray for its suc - cess, Chil-dren, chil-dren, That it the
 3. Shine, lit - tle ta - pers, bright, Chil-dren, chil-dren; Ye may a

heath - en lands The Sav - ior's name. Sing, sing the gos - pel, sing
 world may bless With Je - sus' name. Send, send its joys a - broad,
 thou - sand light In Je - sus' name. Who spread the light di - vine,

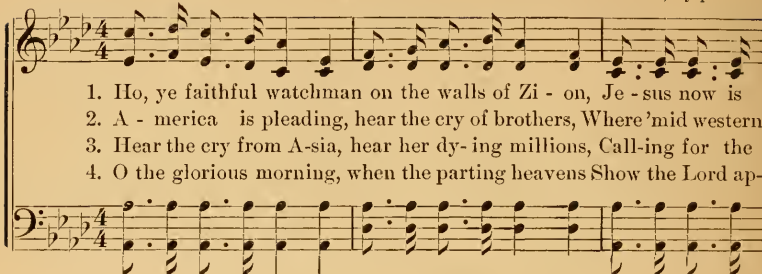
Chil-dren, chil-dren, Till 'round the world shall ring The Savior's name.
 Chil-dren, chil-dren, Give, give the gold of God For Je - sus' name.
 Chil-dren, chil-dren, They as the stars shall shine For ev - er - more.

No. 91. Bring Ye in the Tithes.

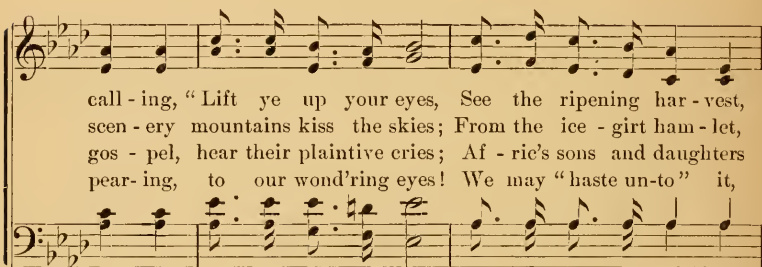
REV. DWIGHT SPENCER.

MAL. 3: 10.

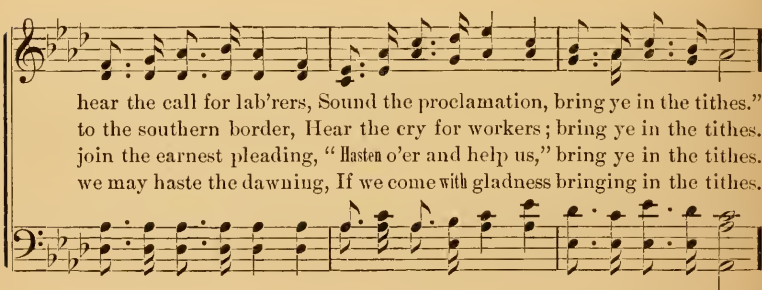
S. M. BROWN, by per.



1. Ho, ye faithful watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Je - sus now is
 2. A - merica is pleading, hear the cry of brothers, Where 'mid western
 3. Hear the cry from A-sia, hear her dy - ing millions, Call - ing for the
 4. O the glorious morning, when the parting heavens Show the Lord ap -

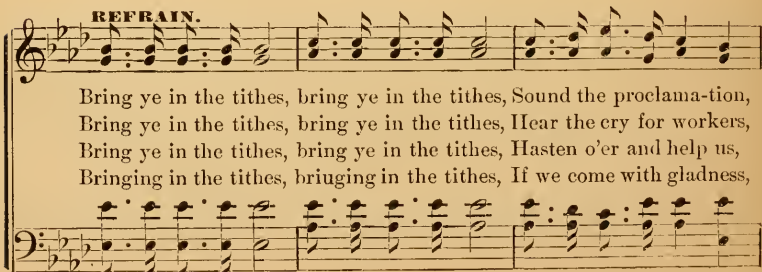


call - ing, "Lift ye up your eyes, See the ripening har - vest,
 scen - ery mountains kiss the skies; From the ice - girt ham - let,
 gos - pel, hear their plaintive cries; Af - ric's sons and daughters
 pear - ing, to our wond'ring eyes! We may "haste un-to" it,



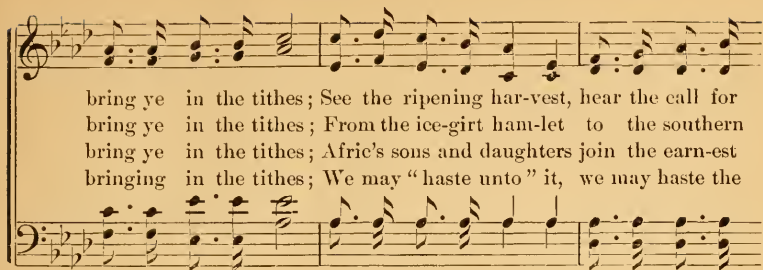
hear the call for lab'ers, Sound the proclamation, bring ye in the tithes."
 to the southern border, Hear the cry for workers; bring ye in the tithes.
 join the earnest pleading, "Hasten o'er and help us," bring ye in the tithes.
 we may haste the dawning, If we come with gladness bringing in the tithes.

REFRAIN.

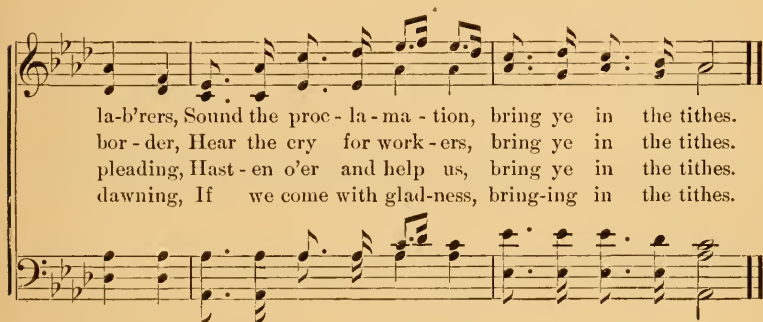


Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Sound the proclama - tion,
 Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Hear the cry for workers,
 Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Hasten o'er and help us,
 Bringing in the tithes, bringing in the tithes, If we come with gladness,

Bring Ye in the Tithes. Concluded.



bring ye in the tithes; See the ripening har-vest, hear the call for
bring ye in the tithes; From the ice-girt ham-let to the southern
bring ye in the tithes; Afric's sons and daughters join the earn-est
bringing in the tithes; We may "haste unto" it, we may haste the

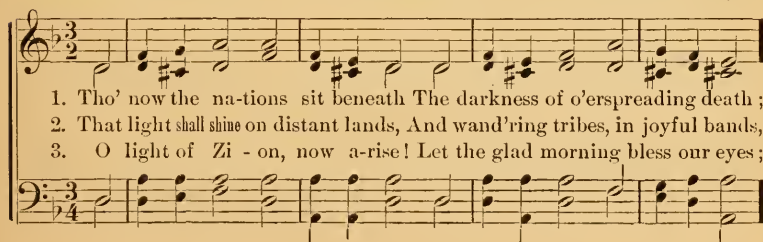


la-b'rers, Sound the proc-la-ma-tion, bring ye in the tithes.
bor-der, Hear the cry for work-ers, bring ye in the tithes.
pleading, Hast-en o'er and help us, bring ye in the tithes.
dawning, If we come with glad-ness, bring-ing in the tithes.

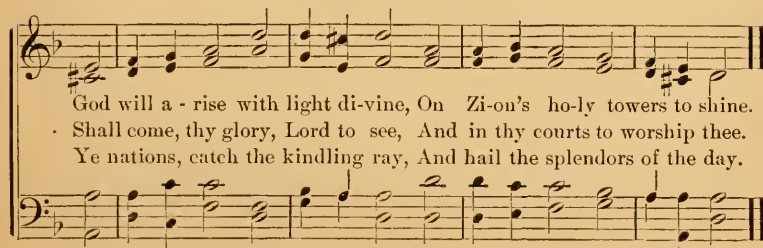
No. 92.

Windham.

DANIEL READ.



1. Tho' now the na-tions sit beneath The darkness of o'erspreading death;
2. That light shall shine on distant lands, And wand'ring tribes, in joyful bands,
3. O light of Zi-on, now a-rise! Let the glad morning bless our eyes;



God will a-rise with light di-vine, On Zi-on's ho-ly towers to shine.
Shall come, thy glory, Lord to see, And in thy courts to worship thee.
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray, And hail the splendors of the day.

No. 93.

Tell It Out.

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations."—MATT. 28: 19.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Tell it out a - mong the na-tions that the Lord is King, Tell it
 2. Tell it out a - mong the peo-ple that the Savior reigns, Tell it
 3. Tell it out a - mong the peo-ple, Je - sus reigns a-bove, Tell it

out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions,
 out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the heathen,
 out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions,

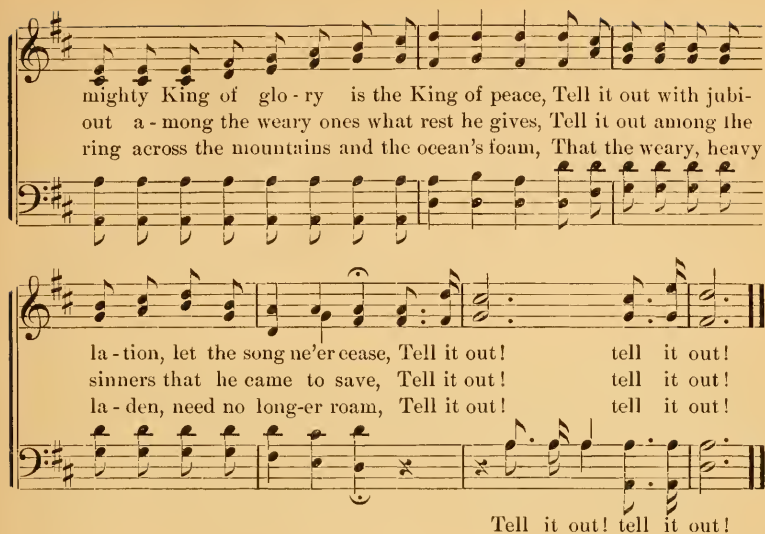
Tell it out! tell it out!

bid them shout and sing, Tell it out! tell it out! Tell it
 bid them break their chains, Tell it out! tell it out! Tell it
 that his reign is love, Tell it out! tell it out! Tell it

Tell it out! tell it out!

out with ad - o - ra - tion that he will in-crease, That the
 out a - mong the weep - ing ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it
 out a - mong the high - ways and the lanes at home, Let it

Tell It Out. Concluded.



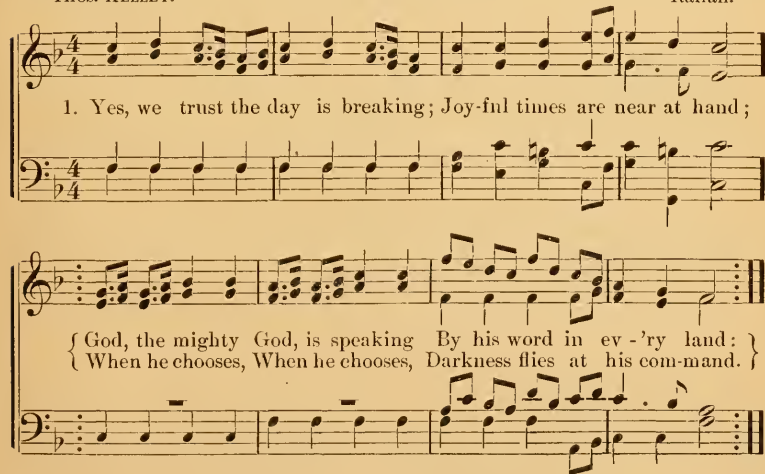
mighty King of glo-ry is the King of peace, Tell it out with jubi-
 out a-mong the weary ones what rest he gives, Tell it out among the
 ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam, That the weary, heavy
 la-tion, let the song ne'er cease, Tell it out! tell it out!
 sinners that he came to save, Tell it out! tell it out!
 la-den, need no long-er roam, Tell it out! tell it out!
 Tell it out! tell it out!

No. 94.

Sicilian Hymn.

THOS. KELLEY.

Italian.



1. Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joy-ful times are near at hand;
 { God, the mighty God, is speaking By his word in ev-'ry land: }
 { When he chooses, When he chooses, Darkness flies at his com-mand. }

2 Let us hail the joyful season,
 Let us hail the dawning ray;
 When the Lord appears, there's reason
 To expect a glorious day:
 At his presence At his presence
 Gloom and darkness flee away.

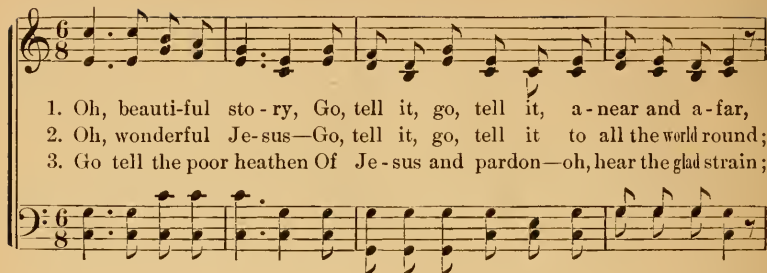
3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious
 Through the world, in every land;
 And the idols And the idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command!

No. 95.

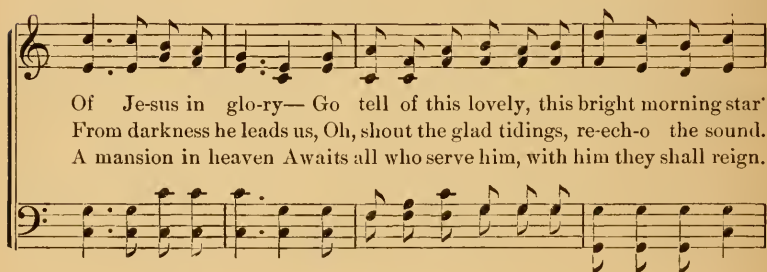
Beautiful Story.

I. H. B.

ISAAC H. BULLERS.



1. Oh, beauti-ful sto-ry, Go, tell it, go, tell it, a-near and a-far,
 2. Oh, wonderful Je-sus—Go, tell it, go, tell it to all the world round;
 3. Go tell the poor heathen Of Je-sus and pardon—oh, hear the glad strain;



Of Je-sus in glo-ry—Go tell of this lovely, this bright morning star'
 From darkness he leads us, Oh, shout the glad tidings, re-ech-o the sound.
 A mansion in heaven Awaits all who serve him, with him they shall reign.

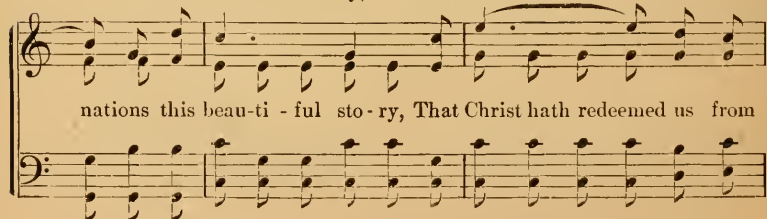
CHORUS.

Go, tell . . . to all na - - - tions this beau - -



Go, tell to all nations this beau-ti-ful sto-ry, Go, tell to all

- - ti-ful sto - - ry, That Christ . . . hath re-



nations this beau-ti-ful sto-ry, That Christ hath redeemed us from

Beautiful Story. Concluded.

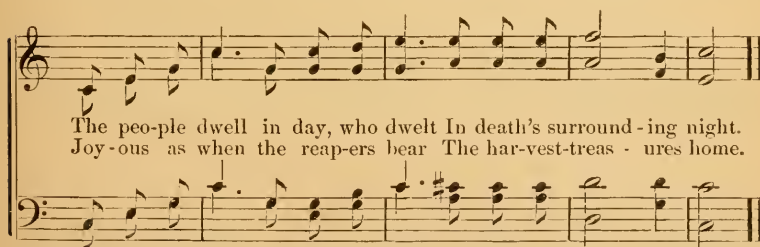
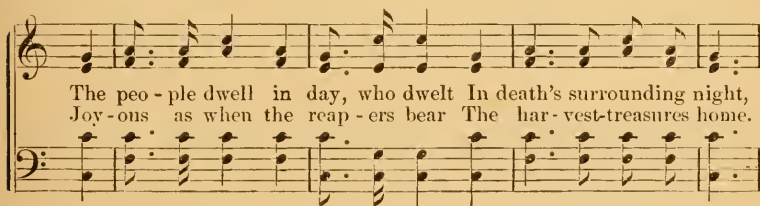
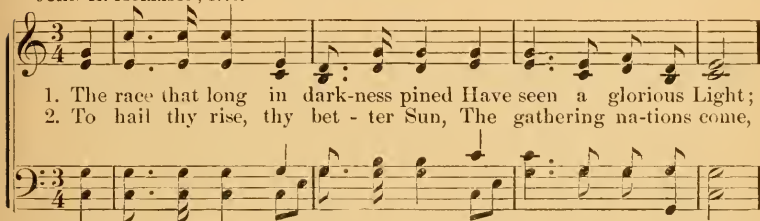
deemed . . us from dark - - - ness to glo - ry.



No. 96.

Zerah.

JOHN H. MORRISON, 1770.



3 For thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

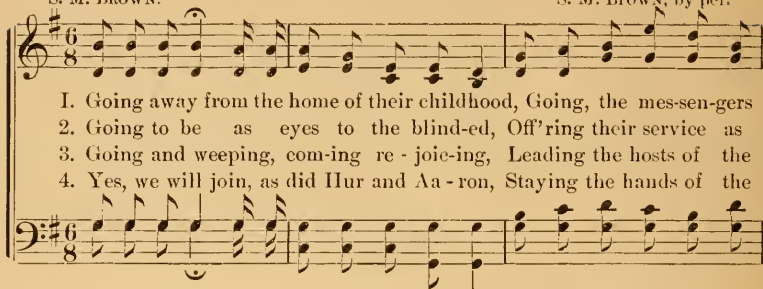
6 His power increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

No. 97. Going the Lost Ones to Bring.

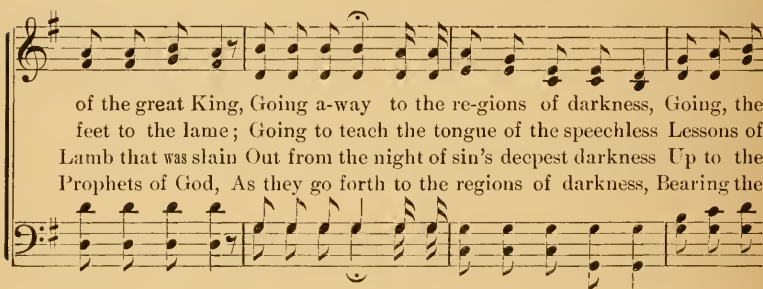
"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."—JOHN 10: 16.

S. M. BROWN.

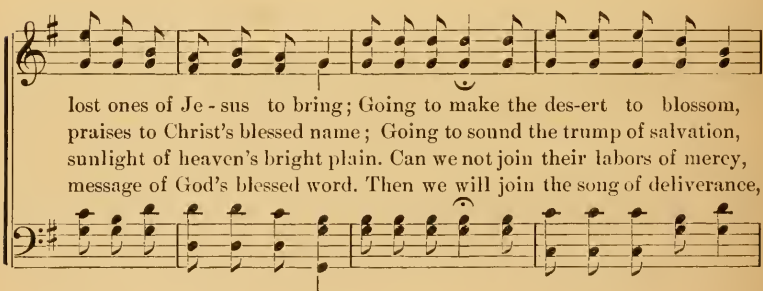
S. M. BROWN, by per.



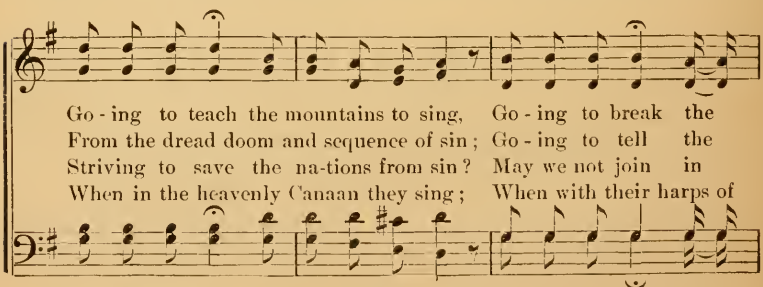
1. Going away from the home of their childhood, Going, the mes-sen-gers
 2. Going to be as eyes to the blind-ed, Off'ring their service as
 3. Going and weeping, com-ing re - joice-ing, Leading the hosts of the
 4. Yes, we will join, as did Hur and Aa - ron, Staying the hands of the



of the great King, Going a-way to the regions of darkness, Going, the
 feet to the lame; Going to teach the tongue of the speechless Lessons of
 Lamb that was slain Out from the night of sin's deepest darkness Up to the
 Prophets of God, As they go forth to the regions of darkness, Bearing the



lost ones of Je - sus to bring; Going to make the des-ert to blossom,
 praises to Christ's blessed name; Going to sound the trump of salvation,
 sunlight of heaven's bright plain. Can we not join their labors of mercy,
 message of God's blessed word. Then we will join the song of deliverance,



Go - ing to teach the mountains to sing, Go - ing to break the
 From the dread doom and sequence of sin; Go - ing to tell the
 Striving to save the na-tions from sin? May we not join in
 When in the heavenly Canaan they sing; When with their harps of

Going the Lost Ones. Concluded.

bonds of the cap-tive, Go-ing the lost ones of Je-sus to bring.
 na-tions of heav-en, Go-ing the lost ones of Je-sus to bring.
 prayer and in serv-ice, Seeking the lost ones of Je-sus to bring?
 gold they are prais-ing Je-sus who suffered his lost ones to bring.

No. 98. Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET. 1780.

O. HOLDEN. 1795.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall!
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yonder sa-cred throng We at his feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev-er-lasting song, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 99.

Away To-day.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

R. A. KINZIE, by per.

1. In a dis-tant land my brother, There are homes that know not God,
 2. In a foreign land they're roaming, And they know not Christ, the King,
 3. Let us point them to the Giv - er, Of a life beyond death's sea,

Where they love not one an - oth - er, As earth's weary way is trod.
 Let us go, and Je - sus com-ing, Will ac-cept each of - fer-ing.
 Where they'll live and reign forev - er, In a long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

A-way to-day, let us go and sãve them, From the ways so full of sin,

And in paths of right we'll lead them, And try their wayward souls to win.

No. 100. Voice in the Wilderness.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."—ISAIAH 40: 3.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. 'Tis the voice of him that eri - eth In the wil-derness, in the
 2. 'Tis the voice of him that eri - eth In the wil-derness, in the
 3. 'Tis the voice of him that eri - eth In the wil-derness, in the

wil - der-ness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, (of the Lord), Pre-
 wil - der-ness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, (of the Lord), Pre-
 wil - der-ness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, (of the Lord), Pre-

pare ye the way of the Lord, (of the Lord,) A highway thro' the
 pare ye the way of the Lord, (of the Lord,) For lo! his glo - ry
 pare ye the way of the Lord, (of the Lord,) O Zi - on, clap your

CHORUS.

des-ert make, A highway for our God.
 soon shall be Revealed to all a-broad. Ev-'ry valley shall be ex-
 hands and sing, And shout with one accord.

Voice in the Wilderness. Concluded.

alt - ed, Ev - 'ry mountain shall be made low, (made low,) The

des - ert lands shall join their hands, His glo - rious praise to show.

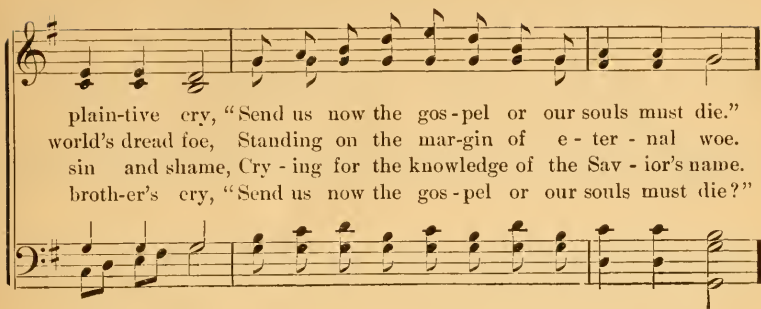
No. 101. Dying for the Knowledge of Jesus.

*"And this is life eternal, that they may know thee . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou
S. M. BROWN. hast sent."—JOHN 17: 3. S. M. BROWN. by per.*

1. Brother, hear the cry from the dark do-main, Where they have no
2. Dy - ing all un-conscious of the dead - ly ill; Fren-zied by the
3. Sad - ly they are cry-ing, tho' no voice we hear, Sink-ing to per-
4. Christian, you have feasted on the Sav-ior's love, Has-ten-ing to

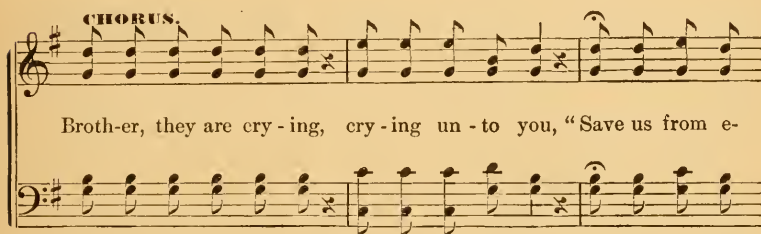
knowledge of the Sav-ior's name; See the dark'ning night, hear the
fe - ver of the fa - tal chill; Blinded by de - cep-tion of the
di - tion, yet they feel no fear; Si - lently they're pleading by their
the joys of the world a - bove; Will you with indiff'rence hear your

Dying for the Knowledge. Concluded.

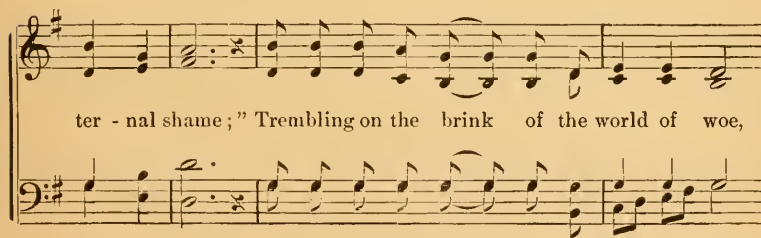


plain-tive cry, "Send us now the gos-pel or our souls must die."
 world's dread foe, Standing on the mar-gin of e - ter - nal woe.
 sin and shame, Cry - ing for the knowledge of the Sav - ior's name.
 broth-er's cry, "Send us now the gos-pel or our souls must die?"

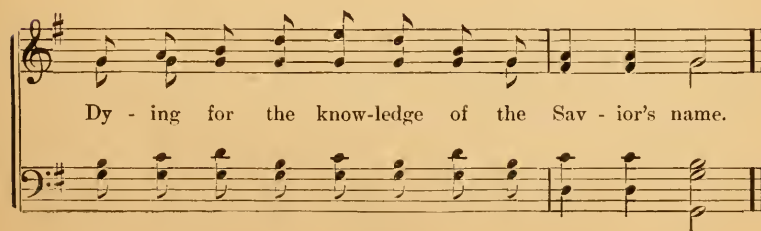
CHORUS.



Broth-er, they are cry - ing, cry - ing un - to you, "Save us from e -



ter - nal shame;" Trembling on the brink of the world of woe,



Dy - ing for the know-ledge of the Sav - ior's name.

No. 102. Gather them into the Fold.

Words arranged.

LUKE 14: 23.

J. M. HUNT.

Organ.

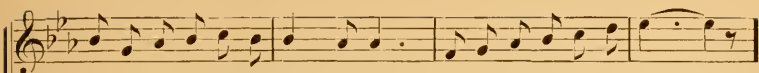
SOLO.

1. Go to the hedges and broad highways, Gather them in, gather them in ;
2. Gather them in from the lane and street, Gather them in, gather them in ;

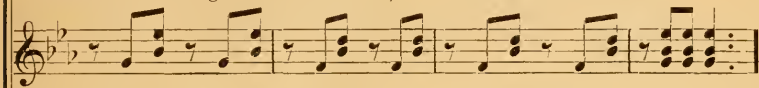
Hasten, the Savior's command obey, Gather them into the fold.
Gather them in with your songs so sweet, Gather them into the fold.

Gather them in, both the rich and poor, Gather them in, gather them in ;
Gather them in with a glowing love, Gather them in, gather them in ;

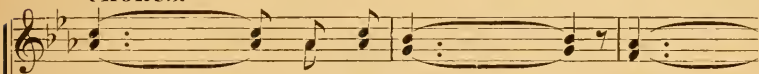
Gather them into the Fold. Concluded.



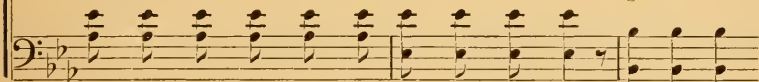
O - pen to all is the gos - pel door, Gather them into the fold.
Lead them along to the home above, Gather them into the fold.



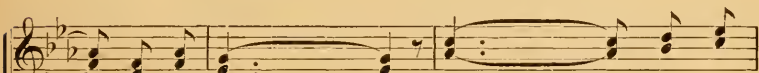
CHORUS.



Gath - - - er them in, . . . gath - - -



Gath - er them, gath - er them in - to the fold, Gath - er them,



- - er them in, . . . Gath - - - er them



gath - er them in - to the fold, Gath - er them care - ful - ly,



in, . . . Gath - er them in - to the fold.



gath - er them prayerfully,

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord."—ISA. 51: 9.

ISAAC H. BULLERS.

1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake! Put on thy strength the
 2. Say to the heath en from thy throne, I am Je - ho - vah,
 3. No more let hu - man blood be spilt, Vain sac - ri - fice for
 4. Al - might - y God, thy grace proclaim, In ev - 'ry clime of

na - tions shake; And let the world a - dor - ing see,
 God a - lone; Thy voice their i - dols shall con - found,
 hu - man guilt; But to each con-science be ap - plied,
 ev - 'ry name; Till ad - verse pow'rs be - fore thee fall,

CHORUS.

And crown

Tri-umphs of mer - cy wrought by thee.
 And cast their al - tars to the ground. And crown him Lord of
 The blood that flowed from Je - sus' side.
 And crown the Sav - ior, Lord of all.

And

him, And crown

all, And crown him Lord of all,

crown the Savior Lord of all, And crown the Sav - ior

Arm of the Lord. Concluded.

him, And crown

And crown him Lord of all,

Lord of all, And crown the Sav - ior

This musical score is for the hymn 'Arm of the Lord. Concluded.' It is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are: 'him, And crown And crown him Lord of all, Lord of all, And crown the Sav - ior'.

him, **Ritard.**

And crown the Sav - ior Lord of all.

Lord of all,

This musical score is for the hymn 'Arm of the Lord. Concluded.' It is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are: 'him, Ritard. And crown the Sav - ior Lord of all. Lord of all,'.

No. 104. He is the Lord, Our God.

J. M. HUNT.

Earnestly.

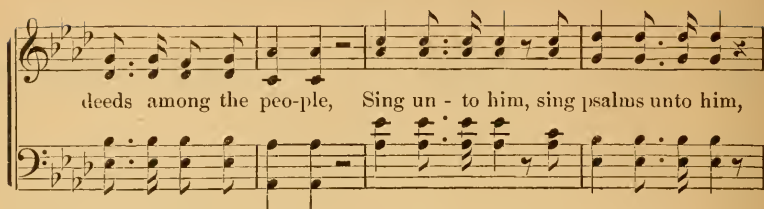
O give thanks un - to the Lord; Call up - on, (call up - on,) his

This musical score is for the hymn 'No. 104. He is the Lord, Our God.' It is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are: 'O give thanks un - to the Lord; Call up - on, (call up - on,) his'.

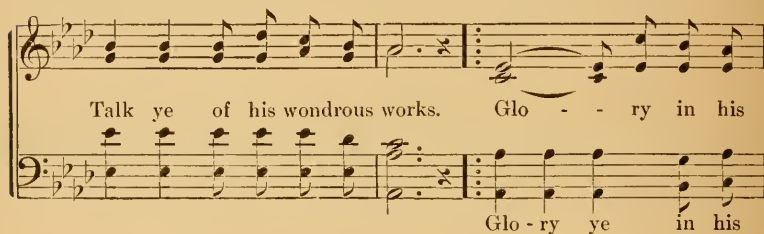
name, Make known his deeds a - mong the peo - ple, Make known his

This musical score is for the hymn 'No. 104. He is the Lord, Our God.' It is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are: 'name, Make known his deeds a - mong the peo - ple, Make known his'.

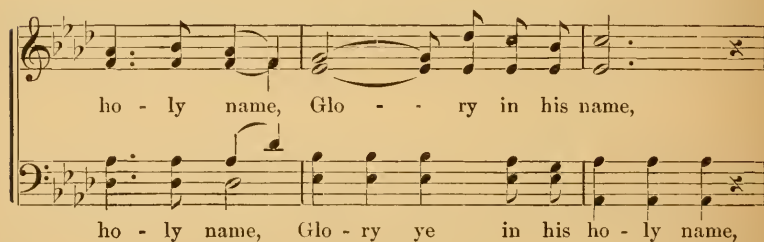
He is the Lord, Our God. Continued.



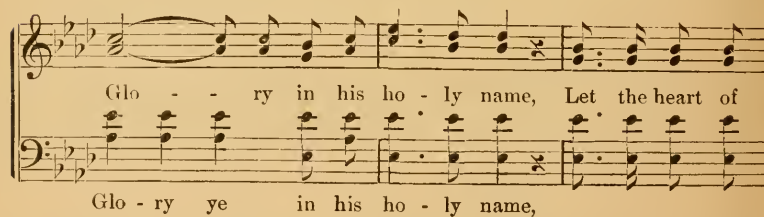
deeds among the peo-ple, Sing un - to him, sing psalms unto him,



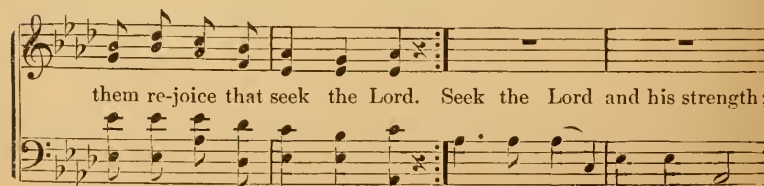
Talk ye of his wondrous works. Glo - - ry in his
Glo - ry ye in his



ho - ly name, Glo - - ry in his name,
ho - ly name, Glo - ry ye in his ho - ly name,



Glo - - ry in his ho - ly name, Let the heart of
Glo - ry ye in his ho - ly name,



them re-joice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord and his strength;

He is the Lord, Our God. Concluded.

Seek his name for ev - er - more, Seek the Lord and his strength;

Seek his name for ev - er - more. Re-mem-ber his marv'lous works that

he hath done; His won-ders and judgments of his mouth.

He is the Lord, the Lord, our God, He is the Lord, The

Lord, our God, he is the Lord, he is the Lord, the Lord, our God.

No. 105. Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

Prelude.

SOLO.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol-low thee ; Naked
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Savior too ; Human
3. Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ; Life with

Organ.

poor, de-spised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be ; Per-ish
 hearts and looks deceive me ; Thou art not, like them, un-true ; And while
 tri - als hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest : O, 'tis

Jesus, I my Cross have Taken. Concluded.

ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how
thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis - dom, love and might, Foes may
not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me, O, 't were

rich is my con - di - tion! God and heaven are still my own!
hate, and friends may shun me, Show thy face, and all is bright.
not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.

No. 106. Crown Him Lord of All.

PERRONET.

J. M. HUNT.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall!
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at his feet may fall;

Crown Him Lord of All. Concluded.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, Bring forth the roy - al di - adem,
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, To him all maj - es - ty ascribe,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, We'll join the ev - er - lasting song,

And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.

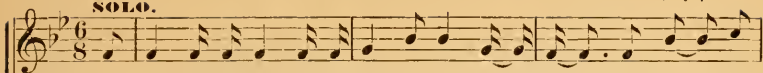
CHORUS.

And crown him, crown him Lord of all; Crown him Lord of

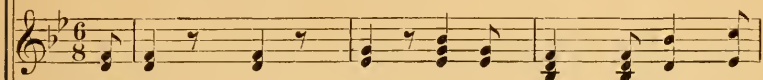
all; And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of

all; And crown him Lord of all; And crown him Lord of all.

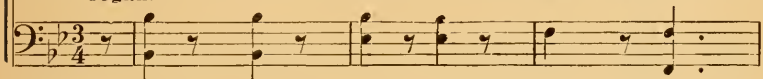
SOLO.



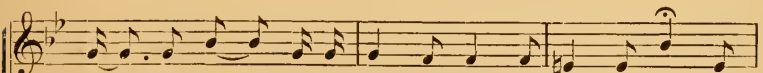
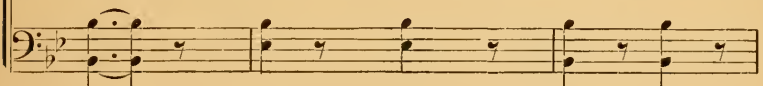
1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world
2. If I were a voice, a con-soling voice, I'd fly on the wings of the
3. If I were a voice, a convincing voice, I'd trav - el with the
4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice, I would fly the earth a-



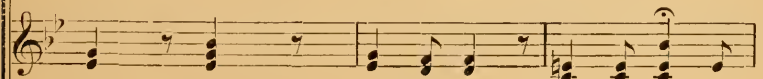
Organ.



through, I would fly on the beams of the morn-ing light, And
air; The homes of sor - row and guilt I'd seek, And
wind, And wherev - er I saw the na - tions torn, By
round, And wherev - er man to his i - dols bowed, I'd



speak to men with a gen - tle might, And tell them to be
calm and truth - ful words I'd speak, To save them from de-
war - fare, jeal - ous-y, spite or scorn, Or ha - tred of their
pub - lish in notes both long and loud The Gos-pel's joy - ful



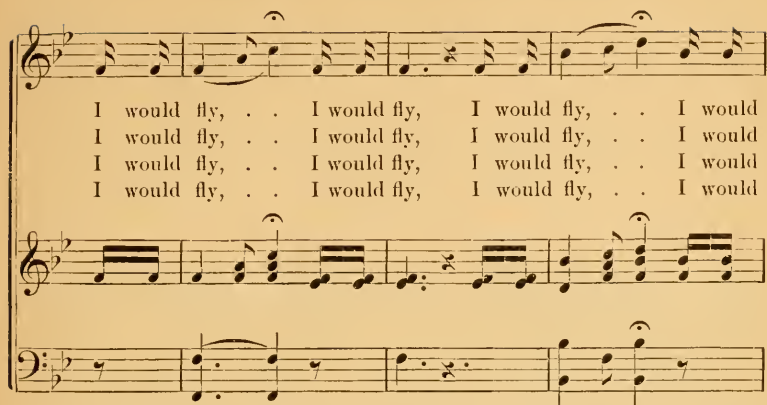
If I Were a Voice. Continued.

true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver land and sea, Where-
 spair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowd-ed town, And
 kind. I would fly, I would fly on the thun-der crash, And
 sound. I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day, Pro-

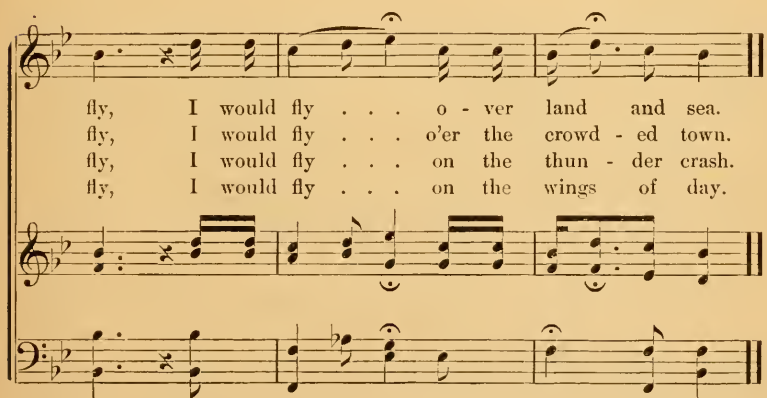
ev - er a hu - man heart might be, Tell-ing a tale or
 drop, like a hap - py sun-light, down In - to the hearts of
 in - to their blind - ed bo - soms flash; Then, with their e - vil
 claim - ing peace in my world-wide way, Bidding the sad-dened

singing a song In the praise of the right—in the blame of the wrong.
 suf-fer - ing men, And teach them to look up a-gain.
 thoughts subdued, And teach them Chris - tian broth - er-hood.
 earth re-joice—If I were a voice, an im-mor-tal voice.

If I Were a Voice. Concluded.



I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly, . . I would
 I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly, . . I would
 I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly, . . I would
 I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly, . . I would

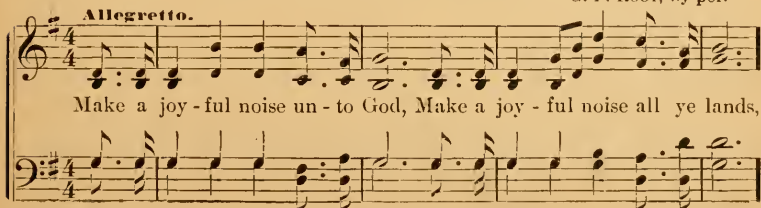


fly, I would fly . . . o - ver land and sea.
 fly, I would fly . . . o'er the crowd - ed town.
 fly, I would fly . . . on the thun - der crash.
 fly, I would fly . . . on the wings of day.

No. 108. Make a Joyful Noise.

G. F. Root, by per.

Allegretto.



Make a joy - ful noise un - to God, Make a joy - ful noise all ye lands,

Make a Joyful Noise. Concluded.

Sing forth the honor of his name, the hon - or of his name, All the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

earth shall worship thee, All the earth shall sing un - to thee. They shall

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff uses a combination of chords and moving lines.

sing to thy name, They shall sing un - to thy name,
They shall sing, They shall sing,

The third system includes a repeat sign at the end of the treble staff. The lyrics are split across the two staves, with the vocal line in the treble and the accompaniment in the bass.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to God, Make a joy - ful noise all ye lands,

The fourth system continues the joyful melody. The treble staff has a more active line with many eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

Sing forth the hon - or of his name, the hon - or of his name.

The final system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bass staff also concludes with a double bar line.

No. 109. Praise God from Whom.

J. M. HUNT.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him all

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

crea - tures here be - low; Praise God from whom all bless - ings

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note D, followed by quarter notes E, F, and G, then a half note A. The bass staff continues with chords.

flow, Praise God all crea-tures here be - low;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note A, followed by quarter notes B, C, and D, then a half note E. The bass staff continues with chords. The system ends with a double bar line.

bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a -

ye heavenly host, ye heavenly host,

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note F, followed by quarter notes G, A, and B, then a half note C. The bass staff continues with chords. The system ends with a double bar line.

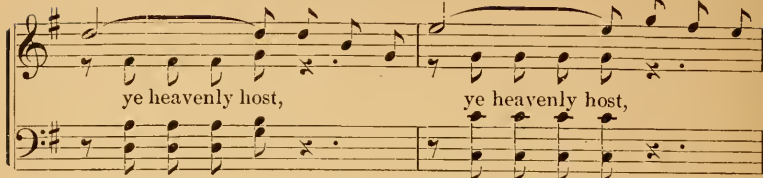
bove, Praise him a -

Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host;

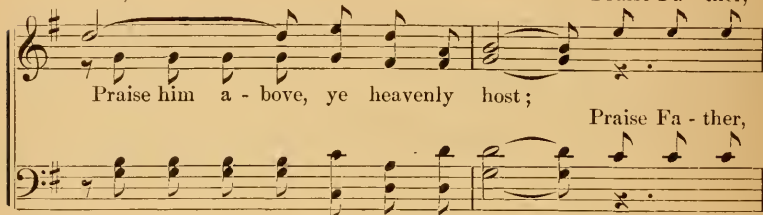
The fifth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note D, followed by quarter notes E, F, and G, then a half note A. The bass staff continues with chords. The system ends with a double bar line.

Praise God from Whom. Concluded.

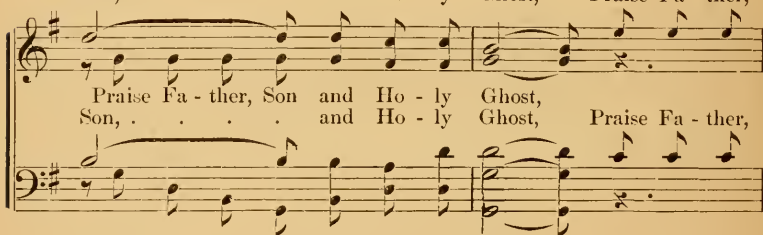
bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a -



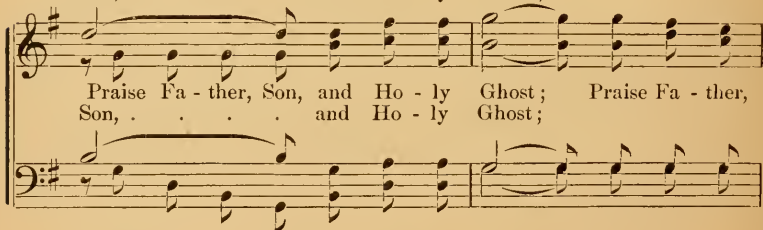
bove, Praise Fa - ther,



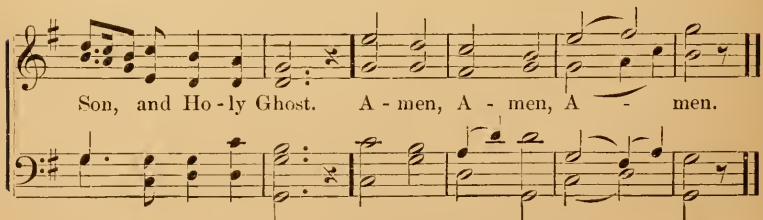
Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther,



Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;



Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men, A - men, A - men.



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